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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Tourist Industry
THE report of the working committee on tourism is a pretty convincing, as well as persuasive document. It leaves the reader, as apparently it has Government, with the conviction that the time is overdue when tourism, as a Hongkong industry, needs to be properly organised and published. Having decided that the creation of a Hongkong Tourist Association is wholly desirable, even necessary, the committee would have been forgiven if it had allowed its enthusiasm to influence its other recommendations. But in fact its proposals are both cautious and level-headed.

Sensible recognition is given of the need to advance slowly towards implementation of a constitution, and the view is expressed that "experience of its practical operation should be secured before it is given final shape." Effect is given to this premise by the proposal that for the first three years the controlling board of the Association should be wholly nominated by the Governor. This can be considered as sage advice, for it is inevitable that with an experimental institution of this kind, a period of trial and error should be experienced.

By the same token it seems wise that in the early stages of development, membership of the Association should be restricted to firms with a direct interest in the tourist industry, namely carriers, travel agencies and hotels, plus Chambers of Commerce. The burden is that a Tourist Association should be made a worthwhile institution, beneficial to the Colony, and it seems proper that responsibility for achieving this should initially repose in the hands of those most closely identified with tourism.

Many will find it difficult to give the same emphatic endorsement of the committee's proposals for financing of the Tourist Association, though it must be admitted a fairly good case has been made out for substantial assistance from public funds. Tourism undoubtedly contributes in no small measure to the Colony's prosperous economy, and as the industry expands, so also will it bring additional benefits to Hongkong. Nevertheless Government's hesitancy in accepting the financing recommendations as they now stand is understandable and their modification may be deemed advisable.

CURFEW PARTIALLY LIFTED

LIMITED STAR FERRY SERVICES OPERATING

An indication that the situation in Kowloon was gradually becoming normal was given this morning when it was officially announced that the curfew had been lifted as from 10 o'clock for the Tsimshatsui area extending from the Star Ferry to Austin Road.

In that area residents can now move freely.

In all other areas where the curfew had been imposed, it will remain in operation for another 24 hours, the official announcement stated.

However, yesterday's zoning arrangements in which the curfew is temporarily lifted to enable people to do their shopping will continue today to be effective.

With the removal of the curfew from the Tsimshatsui district, a limited Star ferry service began at 10 a.m.

The Peak service, suspended yesterday, resumed at 7 o'clock this morning.

Suspects Taken To Camp

At about 4 o'clock this morning more than 300 riot suspects detained at Kowloon Police Headquarters were transferred to the Chatham Road Concentration Camp under heavy guard.

Shortly before sunrise large parties of troops and Police left Police Headquarters on mop-up operations.

An Austin speaker plane continued to make observations from the air early this morning.

Brigadier L. N. Cholmeley, Commander Hongkong and Kowloon, who is in charge of Army operations, arrived at Police Headquarters at 9 a.m. to resume his day of work.

This morning, the Hon. C. B. Burgess, Acting Colonial Secretary, broadcast over the Radio Hongkong and Rediffusion, particularly to the people in Kowloon, assuring them of sufficient food supplies in Kowloon.

He asked the residents not to buy more food stocks, in particular rice, than they required for their normal day-to-day needs.

Mr Burgess assured shopkeepers they would be able to replenish their stocks, and he asked them not to speculate.

A China Mail reporter stationed in Tsimshatsui reported this morning that although the curfew was not lifted until 10 a.m., there were many people in the streets before then.

Large numbers gathered at the Star Ferry at 9 o'clock waiting for the service to be resumed. Many of them crossed the harbour by sampans or walla wallas at the Kowloon Public Pier.

People began to get on to the street shortly after 9 a.m. and gathered around the street corners, "to enjoy their coming liberation," as some of them expressed it.

The Chinese restaurants in Tsimshatsui area, especially those near the Star Ferry, opened for business at 9 a.m. and did a roaring trade.

The Tsimshatsui Market had its usual Saturday atmosphere with customers roaming around. Fish was on sale but there was practically no meat.

Cheering Suez Canal News: Britain, France, Egypt Reach An Agreement

United Nations, Oct. 12. Foreign Ministers of Britain, France and Egypt have agreed on a set of six principles for future negotiations on the Suez Canal crisis, an authoritative source said today.

British Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd, French Foreign Minister Christian Pineau and Egyptian Foreign Minister Mahmoud Fawzi went into another secret session this afternoon to draft an official form of the agreement. They were scheduled to put it before a closed session of the United Nations Security Council at 9 p.m. GMT.

It was not immediately learned whether negotiations would continue on the Foreign Ministers level or be left to ambassadors of the three governments. Neither was it known whether Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold, who has sat in the six secret sessions of the three ministers, would continue to play a role.

The source said that the agreed principles generally followed the basic principles approved by the London conference.

It was not certain, however, whether the Anglo-French insistence on internationalisation of the Canal was included.

Generally, it was understood, negotiation toward a settlement would be based on the questions of freedom of navigation through the Canal for all nations, payment of tolls to Egypt and "insurance" of the waterway from the politics of any country.

The last principle was the one emphasised by Mr John Foster Dulles in expounding the American aim for achieving a "basis for negotiations" in the present UN Suez discussions. — United Press.

TATIANA AND HER FATHER TAKEN OFF SOVIET SHIP

London, Oct. 12. American-born Tatiana Chwostov, two and a half years old, and her father, Alexis Chwostov, who had embarked aboard the Soviet vessel Vyacheslav Molotov on the last lap of their trip to the Soviet Union from the United States, disembarked just before the vessel was due to sail from the port of London tonight.

Chwostov, who had originally been a Russian refugee, had crossed the Atlantic aboard the Queen Mary. He took his daughter with him despite protest by his ex-wife, which had resulted in a search of the Cunard liner in New York by the American Immigration authorities.

The Soviet Charge d'Affaires subsequently requested Chwostov not to take Tatiana away from Britain for the time being.

The Vyacheslav Molotov left London late today for Leningrad with Soviet woman dancer, Nina Ponomareva aboard.

The Russian champion was convicted of the theft of five hats from a London department store, but was discharged on payment of court costs. — France-Press.

A semi-official American source declared that Tatiana was taken off the Soviet Union-bound ship because of legal intervention by her American mother, handled by a British lawyer.

Chwostov and daughter disembarked from the Vyacheslav Molotov some 20 minutes before the vessel was due to sail for Leningrad. He was accompanied by several British Immigration officials. The whole party climbed into a Soviet diplomatic corps automobile and drove off.

TAKES OFF IN HELICOPTER FROM HKCC GROUND

Rear-Admiral D. H. Harries, Flag Officer Commanding Her Majesty's Australian Fleet, boarded his flagship, the aircraft carrier Melbourne by helicopter which flew him from the Cricket Club ground shortly after 7 this morning.

The Admiral arrived here by air yesterday.

The Australian aircraft carriers Melbourne and Sydney entered port this morning in the company of HMS Newcastle and HMS Aqueduct.

Tories Want Death Penalty Retained

Llandudno, Oct. 12. The Conservative Party at its annual conference here today overwhelmingly voted in favour of the retention of the death penalty for murder.

Its decision was in direct conflict with the verdict of the House of Commons which recently approved a bill supported by some Conservative members — to abolish hanging.

A resolution endorsed by the conference after a noisy debate called for the death penalty to stay but asked that murder laws should be amended.

Earlier the 4,000 Conservative representatives at the conference heard a bright report of Britain's economy from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Harold Macmillan. He told them: "After the United States we are the richest country in the world."

"There is nothing to be downhearted about so long as we are sensible. We are more prosperous than ever in our history." — Reuter.

British Families To Return To Egypt

Cairo, Oct. 12. Some 900 wives and children of Britons employed in the Suez Canal zone are to return to Egypt after 10 weeks "exile" in Britain because of the Suez crisis, it was learned in Cairo today.

A first contingent of families will arrive in the Egyptian capital by air on Monday next, to be followed eventually by the remainder of the 900.

Egyptian newspapers today described the mass return as an evident sign of relaxation in the Suez crisis.

The Egyptian Government, meanwhile, announced today that Egyptians will be able to resume or embark upon studies at British and French universities. The decision to remove a ban levied earlier during the Suez crisis followed the settlement of the question of transfer of funds to Egypt's cultural missions in France and Britain. — France-Press.

Girl Mauled By Bear & Lion

Peru, Indiana, Oct. 12. Sharon Kay Wilson, 10, of Twelve Mile, Indiana, was severely injured Saturday afternoon at Dukes Memorial Hospital from an attack by a large black bear and a young lion.

Sharon was thrown to the ground yesterday when the bear reached out of a cage and grabbed her pony tail at a small zoo operated by her grandfather, Jack Stuber, 10 miles northwest of here.

The bear clawed her face and bit off her left thumb before she was rescued. When she was on the ground a lion reached out through the bars of another cage and clawed her legs. — United Press.

Party Cancelled

The cocktail party aboard HMS Newcastle, arranged for this evening, has been cancelled.

STOP PRESS

6-MIN FERRY SERVICE

The first Star Ferry left the Kowloon pier at 10 a.m. with a full load of passengers. Since then, a regular service at six-minute intervals has been maintained.

IKE'S ORDER

Washington, Oct. 12. President Eisenhower today ordered plans drafted for possible construction of a new oil tanker fleet in case of emergency arising from the Suez Canal crisis. — Reuter.

British Request

United Nations, Oct. 12. Britain today asked the United Nations to discuss the support which it said Greece has given to Cyprus terrorists. The British delegation requested that the question be placed on the agenda of the General Assembly session which meets here next month. — France-Press.

PETER TOWNSEND writes for the China Mail



It's the personal story of the year that everyone will want to read
• It begins exclusively in Tuesday's **CHINA MAIL**

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Now—A Plan To Raise The Andrea Dorea

With A Gigantic String Of "Sausages"

Parma.

A Italian engineer is perfecting a model of a salvage invention, which if ever built to full size, will look like a gigantic string of sausages.

He is Angelo Antonaci, a salvage expert who recently declared that his idea will refloat the Andrea Doria at comparatively little cost and a minimum of human risk.

From all over the world ideas for refloating the ill-fated liner have been sent to government officials in Rome and the owners of the Andrea Doria which sank on July 28 after a collision with the Swedish liner "Stockholm."

Nearly all of them to date have been rejected as either too costly or impracticable. But two or three have aroused interest and among them is the invention of the Parma engineer.

Close Secret

Antonaci first worked out his idea several years ago and in 1951 it was patented. He began to construct a working model a month ago immediately after the Italian Naval Engineer Inspector-General declared that any salvage idea carried out on a model of the sunken ship would get the widest possible attention.

Engineer Antonaci is financing the project himself and until he demonstrates its feasibility in the Po River he is keeping several details of the invention a close secret.

However, what the engineer has disclosed apparently has impressed experts on the feasibility of refloating the Andrea Doria from the bottom of the Atlantic off Montserrat Island at a cost of about 1,100,000 lire (£287,000).

The cost of constructing the invention would be 600,000 lire (£132,000). The remaining 500,000 lire (£115,000) would be spent in carrying out the actual operation.

Antonaci maintains that his idea is economical because his invention could be used to salvage other wrecks.

The first move in Antonaci's salvaging system is to mark the sunken ship with buoys completely encircling the ship in the position it rests on the ocean bed. Next a thick cable is laid down in a circle well beyond the buoy. The main cable

would be about 2,000 feet long. It is kept on the ocean surface by means of rafts. Alongside each raft in the water would be a partly inflated cylindrical balloon made of a thick, truckety rubber.

An Even Keel

The balloons would each measure about 60 feet long and 30 feet in diameter and would be attached independently to the main cable—in the case of the Andrea Doria—by 420 secondary steel cables, 20 to each of 22 balloons. The salvage apparatus now would look like a circle of gigantic sausages.

The next move would be a simultaneous release of the main cable from the rafts and it would vertically sink slowly to the seabed taking the balloons with it. The partly inflated balloons would be suspended a few feet above the cable. Then the cable is slowly pulled in towards the wreck like a purse string.

If the sunken ship is lying on its side as the Andrea Doria then the balloons on this side would be fully inflated as soon as the main cable had slid under the bridge lifting the ship to an even keel.

A Lasso

Once this is done the main cable would be locked tightly to the hull like a lasso, with the balloons floating about level with the water-line. All the balloons would then be fully inflated and if Antonaci's idea works, their combined lift of 32,000 tons about 3,000 tons more than the dead weight of the Andrea Doria is calculated to raise the ship against extra water weight and mud suction. Thus far Italian authorities have made no decision on whether to try Antonaci's scheme on the lost Queen of Italy's trans-Atlantic fleet.

THE MAN WHO IS GOING TO HAVE AN ACCIDENT

New York.

It is now possible for a scientifically trained person to spot the man who is going to have an accident before he has it, according to an industrial physician who has made himself an "accident engineer."

The World Is Growing Bigger

New York.

A Hungarian scientist says the earth is neither shrinking nor staying the same.

According to the calculations of Dr. L. Egedy of the Geophysical Institute of Budapest, it is expanding.

Not at an enormous rate, which is well in view of his mathematical demonstration that the expanding has been going on for 500,000,000 years, or since the beginning of geological time.

The annual average of expansion, he calculated, is 0.01988 inches which is an extremely tiny amount. But when you multiply that by 500,000,000 you get 8,200,000 feet or 1,553 miles.

His calculations were based upon this logic: If the earth had been shrinking, the average depths of its oceans would have been increasing. This would have meant an ever-higher sea level which would mean that the areas of the continents covered by water would have been ever-increasing.

Two Plots

But if the earth had been staying more or less the same size, water-covered areas of continents would have remained more or less the same through geological time. Nothing could be simpler.

As Dr. Egedy expressed it: "We have only to establish the amount of the areas covered by sea water in different geological ages." So he assembled the accumulated measurements of the sciences of geology and geography which cover the various geological ages dating back 600,000,000 years. He plotted these measurements mathematically—indeed, he made two plots, using two sets of measurements.

Both plots showed definite expansions of continents and definite decreases in water-covered areas. One plot showed an average increase of 0.06 millimetres a year for 600,000,000 years, the other an average increase of 0.4 millimetres. Dr. Egedy averaged these at 0.5 millimetre or 0.01988 inch.

Dr. Egedy, reporting these calculations to the international scientific, technical journal, "Nature," pointed out that geological observations have established quite clearly that the watery envelope of the earth has been increasing through geological time.

The increase has not been much, to be sure—only four per cent of the total volume in 600,000,000 years. But it was suggestive enough to rouse his scepticism toward the theory of a shrinking earth.—United Press.

Any kind of accident—such as falling out of bed, pushing fingers into fast-moving industrial machinery, or smashing up a car—can be anticipated, Dr. Morris Schulzinger of Cincinnati says he can spot this man in these ways:

Often this "pre-accident" man has a "preoccupied distant look." You see he is under emotional stress; you sense he is "laden with anxieties." You check into him and find out he does not require as much of himself, as he used to—his personal standards have fallen off.

Tense, Anxious

He does not have the enthusiasm or initiative of old; he "may be tense, irritable, anxious, troubled, moody, depressed, excited, nervous, angry, worried, restless, fidgety, and he may display a variety of nervous mannerisms."

A physician would treat this "pre-accident patient" because he is a menace to himself and others. A few of them, Dr. Schulzinger said, will have "specific psychological conditions or a compulsive need for self-punishment through injury."

For them you call in a psychiatrist. But many of them will be helped by having a scientifically trained outsider point out to them the road they are on and where that road leads.

"Even larger numbers of these patients should be able to treat themselves by learning to recognize a few elementary pre-accident symptoms," Dr. Schulzinger continued.

He thought physicians in general have passed up their opportunities to spot "pre-accident" people in the course of their every-day dealings with patients. By paying attention to these "signs" physicians will start playing their "proper roles in accident prevention."

Begin With Young

But accident prevention should begin with young children—they should be "immunized against accidents even as they are against infectious diseases." The ways that is done, according to Dr. Schulzinger, "are the teaching of safe practices by example and continued exposure to a peaceful, orderly, secure and loving home environment."

"Children often suffer accidents by mimicking the dangerous practices of their elders. Again in later life, some accidents resemble a conditioned-reflex type of response to a sequence of events first experienced in childhood. The home is the place where susceptibility to accidents are born and bred."

Dr. Schulzinger discussed the accident problem in the technical journal, "Industrial Medicine and Surgery."—United Press.

Feed The Birds

The pastor of the parish church here has asked wedding parties to throw rice, not confetti. Church workers have to sweep up confetti, he pointed out. Birds will take care of the rice.

'BRING BEER'

A Fulham man who wanted to sell a 1933 car advertised: "Start heading about 240 bring own beer, this may take time."—United Press.

VICAR, 83, TOO OLD TO DRIVE

Castle Rising.

No more driving for me, vowed the Rev. Edward Montagu Plumptre. At 83 he has decided he is too old to motor.

With this self-imposed ban he turns his back on the little blue car that, for 22 years, has carried him round his Castle Rising, Norfolk, parish.

He took the step after two accidents in four weeks at the local police court for alleged careless driving. He was acquitted both times.

But the other day, at his Castle Rising home, the tall and grey-haired, weatherbeaten clergyman, once Rural Dean of King's Lynn, said: "I have decided after these two accidents to give up driving."

So fast

"I am too old. I realise that I am past it. Traffic is much faster now than when I started on the road."

"I am very sorry indeed to part with my car—I only got £10 for it. But I know it is better this way."

"I was taken to court the first time because I bumped into a woman shopper, and the second because I ran over a little child. These days he did not suffer any great harm."

Said Councillor Albert Bacon, local housing chairman: "Many local people will welcome Mr. Plumptre's decision. However careful he is, 83 is really too great an age for a man to be driving on our crowded roads."

LONGER PIGS

They Will Mean More Rashers

London.

PIGS are to be longer next year.

There is a difference of 14 in. between the average good pig and a full-length one.

That 14 in. means at least ten good-sized rashers of the best cut—the mid-back cut.

Farmers, bacon curers, and salesmen have been meeting over several months in a Whitehall back room to make plans for the new pig. It will mean better bacon produced at lower cost.

From March 25 farmers must send the longer pigs to bacon factories or loss money. A "length requirement" will be added to the grading schedule by which farmers are paid for quality.

The length has not yet been decided, but pig production is to become such a precision job that the farmers are to turn over to the engineers' method of measurement—the metric system.

Very soon every farmer sending pigs to the factory will receive with his cheque a note of the length of his pigs in millimetres.

Russians Have New Method Of Treating Burns

Boston.

A Russian researcher said today Soviet scientists have developed a radically new method of treating burn victims.

Dr. Nicolai Federov said the discovery utilizes "so-called convalescent blood" from recuperated burn victims.

He told delegates to the sixth Congress of the International Society of Hematology it is "common" in the Soviet Union to keep alive victims who have had more than 40 per cent of their skin area burned.

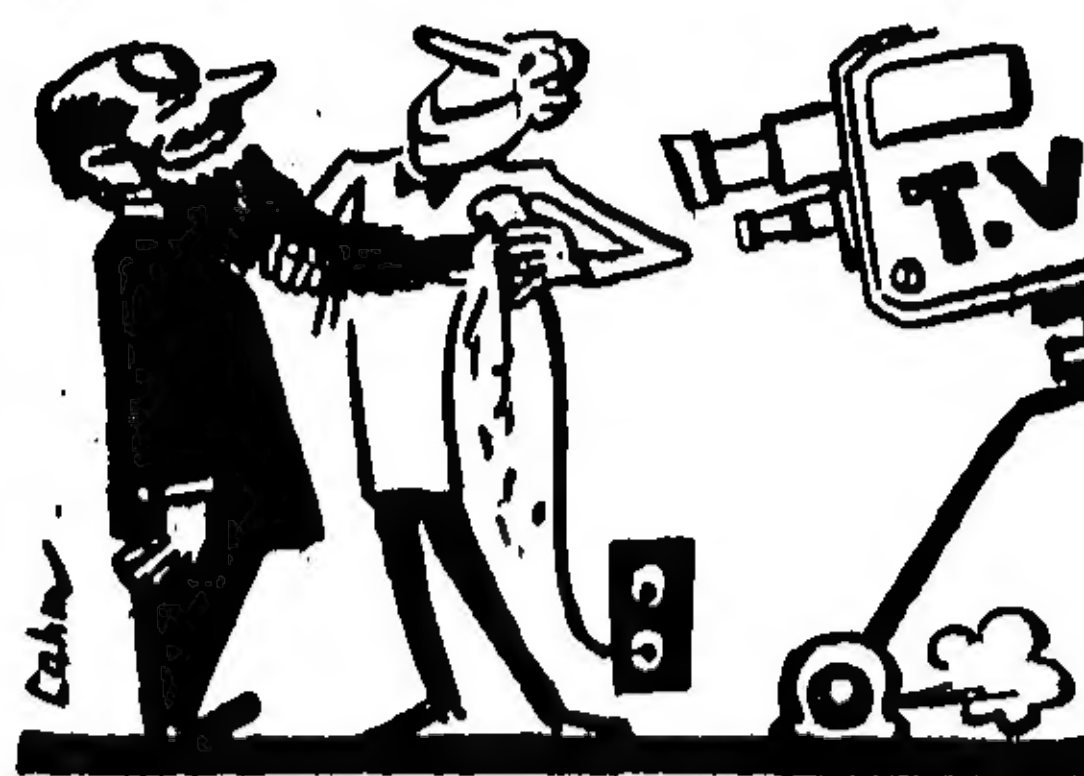
He said the method is used only to a limited extent in Soviet hospitals since the discovery is so new.

"From the blood of burn victims we make a dry powdered serum that is introduced into the blood stream of new burn victims," Federov said.

"We can't keep people alive whose body is 90 per cent burned only because there isn't enough skin that can be grafted over the affected areas," he said. "But we can create stocks of toxicity in such people."

Dr. Federov was one of five top Russian blood researchers attending the conference here.

Beard Of The Profit—TV Style



New York.

Bearded men are being offered \$5,000 an ounce to have their whiskers shorn on an American television programme.

The offer is being made by the manufacturer of a new electric shaver.

Conditions are that the bearded men must be more than 21, willing to have the beard shaved off during a commercial message on a TV programme and have a beard more than three months old.

The applicant must also submit by mail a sample strand of his beard, a close-up photograph of the full beard and details of his age and occupation.

Those selected will get an all-expense-paid trip to Hollywood and a two-day stay there, climaxed by the "shearing" and payment by the ounce.

MATADORS ON THE HORNS OF DILEMMA

Madrid.

Bullfighting has fallen into sad disrepute and the trouble seems to be that modern Spanish bullfighters do not care for the occupational hazards.

Critics of the current stars of the national sport say the youth of Spain is more interested in football than bullfighting and it is the tourist trade that helps fill the plazas, not the aficionados who must be the backbone of the sport.

A section of the national press charges that matadors, who make as much as £800 for two hours work, are fighting underweight bulls, drugged bulls, sandbagged bulls and bulls with blunted and shortened horns.

They allege the stars are ducking the Madrid plaza where standards are kept high and the bulls are always dangerous. Instead they go to the provinces and even there pretend

illness if it appears they won't be facing an easy bull.

"The number of plazas where the rules (as to size and weight of the bull and condition of his horns) are observed could be counted on the fingers of one hand," the influential newspaper ABC says.

Once it was the ambition of every bullfighter to appear in Madrid, land of the newspaper Hoja del Lunes.

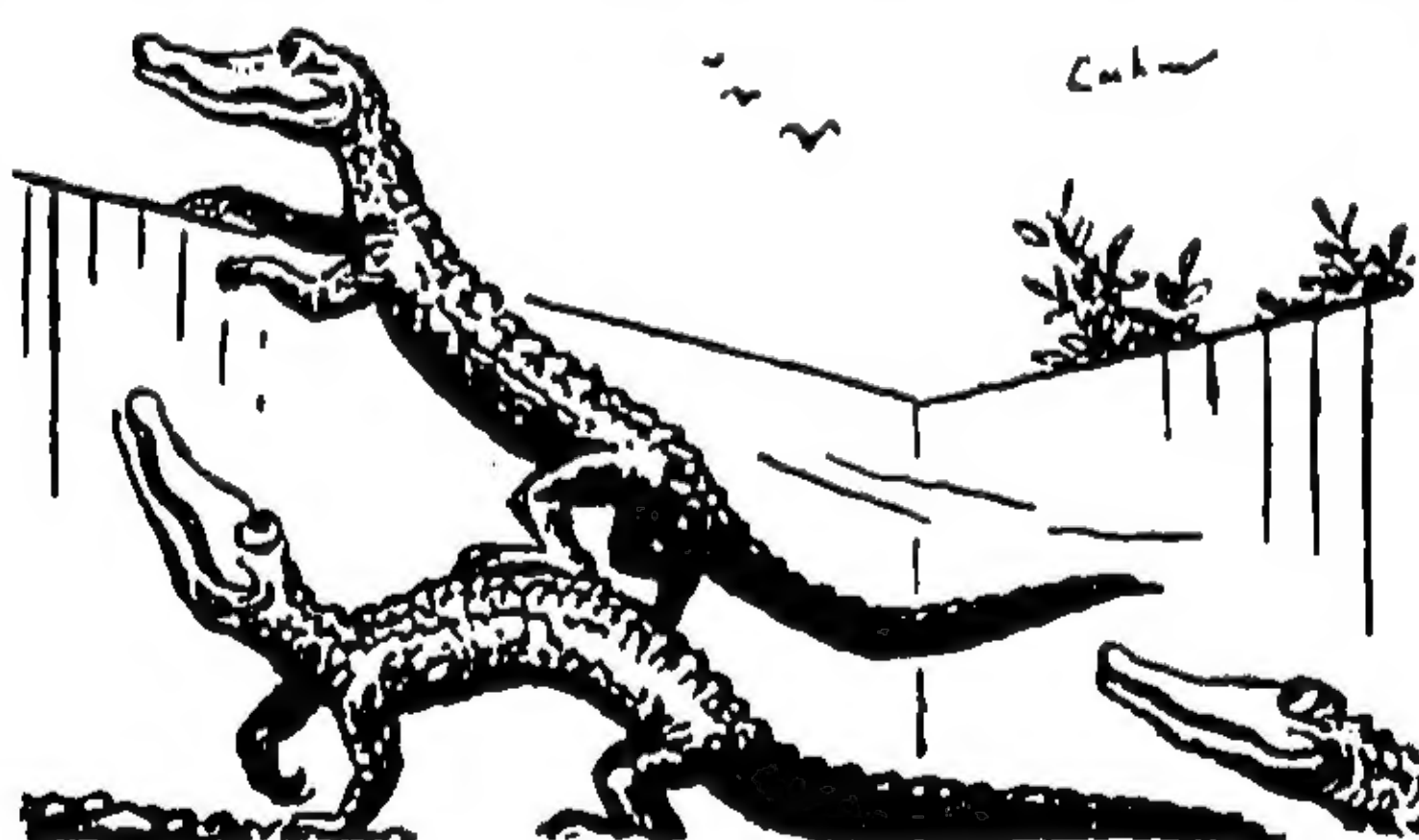
Today the reverse is the case. Bullfighters of standing flee from here like scared cats. Other critics assert a powerful clique is turning the sport into a high-powered racket where quick returns are made with a minimum of risk.

The way to the top can still be studded with gorings. The bullfighters' hospital in Madrid averages 10 to 15 cases a week, but deaths are rare for wonder drugs prevent complications.

Bullfighters are heavy newspaper advertisers. They take whole pages to praise themselves, publish photos of their most graceful lunges and—if good—proclaim their bravery at returning to the arena.

But now that the fans are becoming suspicious, the matadors are worried about a gorings where it would really hurt—the pocketbook. They are, as one Spanish has put it, on the horns of a dilemma.—United Press.

LOVE WON'T LURE ALFRED BACK HOME



New York.

Alfred the alligator was bored in his pool at an Oklahoma zoo.

So, when low water prompted his mates to congregate at one end, he used their backs as a ladder and stepped out over a fence.

He has not been seen since.

Tulsa Zoo has offered to send Alberta, a female alligator, to lure Alfred back, but Alfred would not be interested.

"It isn't the mating season," explained curator Bob Jenni.

Jenni is toying with the idea of staking out other alligators on the river bank in the hope of drawing Alfred ashore.

"Alligators are socially-conscious," he said.

"They like to get acquainted."

Jenni, who has wrestled alligators before, has been trying to get close enough to come to grips with Alfred.

Jet's Power—Not Enough For Miners

A coal pit pony whose own private "go-slow" caused a human strike last week was now turned out to other less competitive work.

"It is physically perfect, but he is temperamental and has a very nervous head," said the

Bill Patterson of the Crofton Mill Colliery confessed. As a result, the six-year-old pony will no longer haul coal.

The pit ponies, which drive the pit ponies, struck last week because of Jet. They said, he was losing them money since they are paid by the number

of tubs of coal they haul to the pit shaft.

Nine hundred other miners struck in sympathy, and thousands of tons of coal were lost before Jet was put "on a job where speed does not matter." The men went back to work now.—United Press.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



GLAMOROUS British film star Diana Dors is giving up Hollywood, where she planned to settle for at least a year, just four months after going there. Diana said: "I'm homesick." Her husband, Dennis Hamilton, who returned to England earlier, is seen in the bedroom of their London flat talking by phone to Diana in Hollywood. (Express)



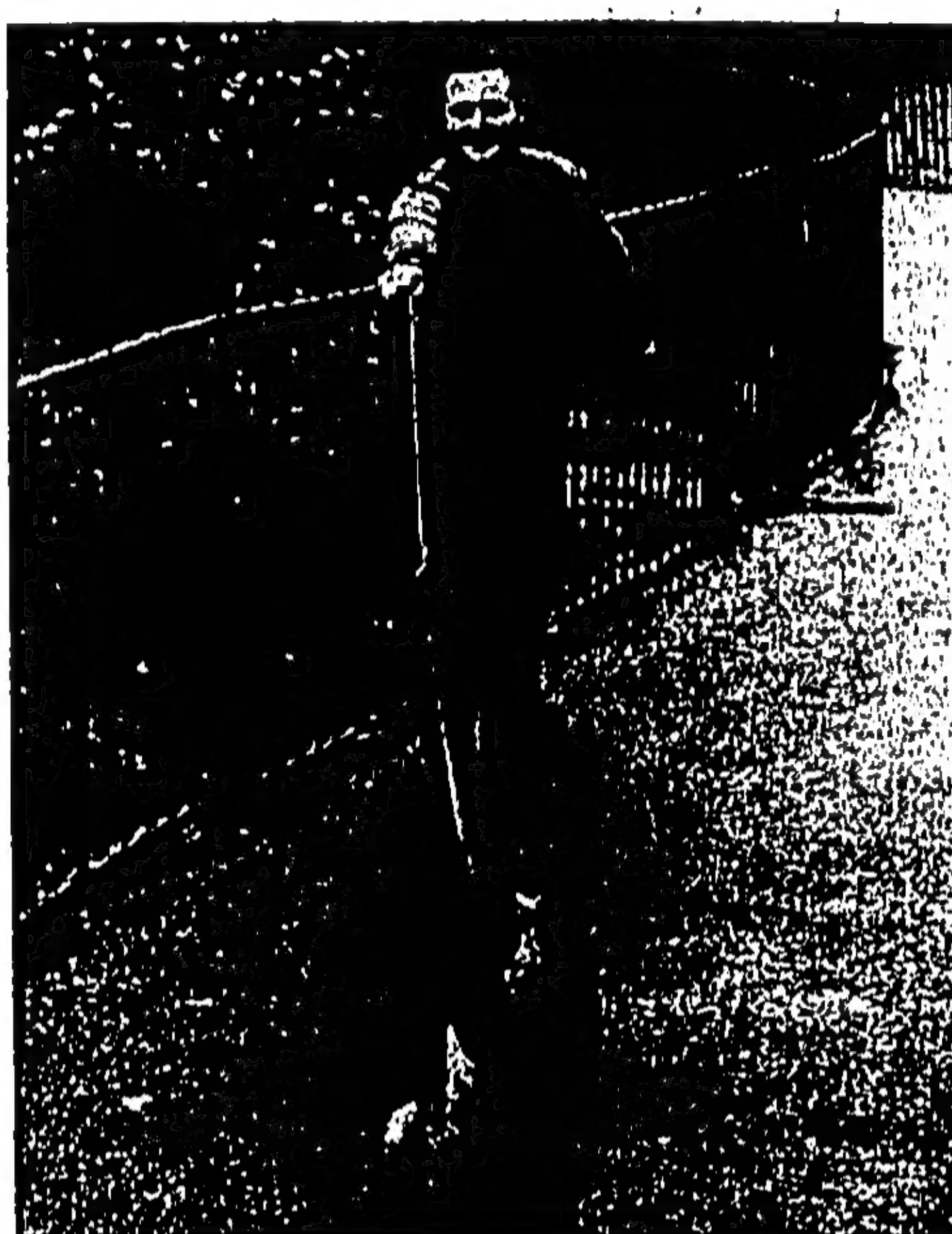
NEVILLE DUKE, 33-year-old ace test pilot of high-speed jets, took to the air again a few days ago and burst through the sound barrier on his first flight since being grounded four months ago with a slipped disc. He flew in a plaster jacket from chest to hips. (Express)



NINETEEN lovely girls, from 19 countries, rehearsing at the Lyceum Ballroom, London, for their appearance in the "Miss World" contest, the final of which will take place on Monday, October 15. Five other girls will compete. (Express)



LEFT: Gordon Pirie, the famous runner, shown with his wife at London Airport before he left by air for Melbourne. He is to settle in New Zealand. He gave as his principal reason for leaving England for good the feeling that Britain is overburdened with taxation. (Express)



BELOW: The Camberley Staff College and Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, one-day horse show. Picture shows the fire brigade race to put out flames during the Royal Horse Artillery riding display. This was one of the most popular of the comic turns. (Army News)



HOW long is a dog lead—legally? That is a question on which keepers of Brunswick Park, Camberwell, and photographer Denis Noble disagree. The keepers said his lead—6 ft 6 in—is too long. (Express)

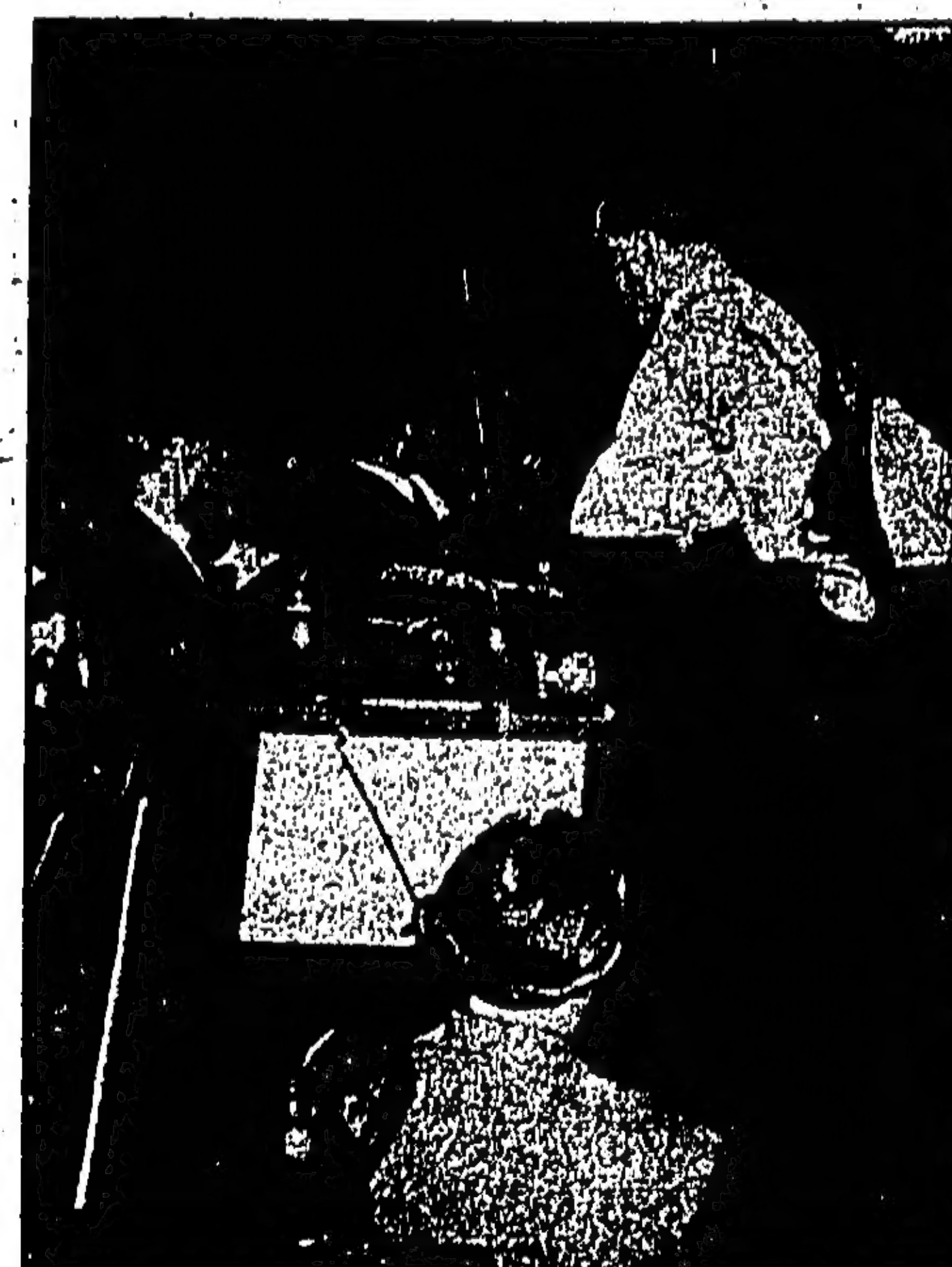
IT'S an original way of carrying china, but it's not advised unless one is a first-class balancing artist like Hsia Hua, 18, who is one of the members of the Variety Theatre of China, from Peking, now entrancing audiences in London. (Express)



MORE rock 'n' roll disturbances. This time it is in Manchester, where teenage rioters fought an 18-minute battle with police outside the Gaiety Cinema. The shopping mob shown here surging outside the theatre. (Express)



NOW that Seretse Khama has renounced the chieftainship of the Bamangwato tribe, he has been allowed to return home from his exile in England. He will leave for Africa, as soon as he finishes his Bar finals, with his family, including his English wife, Ruth, and their two children. (Express)



SOMETHING the audiences at the Bolshoi Ballet season at Covent Garden do not see. Russian conductor Yuri Fayer taking off his coat for a rehearsal inside the Theatre Royal. The rest of the orchestra are British. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREES



BIG THIRST COULD CURE A HUNGER FOR POWER

By JOHN SEWELL

SICK of all the row over the Suez? So am I. Let us consider, instead, the great futures of Uganda, Kenya and Tanganyika, once they are fully supplied with power and water.

Abutting on these British territories is the second largest lake in the world—Victoria Nyanza. You could sink the whole of Ireland into its 26,200 square miles. Water to spare for all three, once it is put to use.

Are the British doing anything about it? Certainly. In the past two years irrigation engineers have surveyed all three territories. One report has been presented, two will be delivered within months. All are confidential.

But already from the Owen Falls scheme, where Victoria Nyanza spills over to the north, a British-built dam will soon be providing 700 million units of electricity a year.

A GREAT JOB

New industries, new factories, hundreds of square miles of barren scrub converted into smiling productive fields... A great job is waiting to be done.

But there is a snag. And who do you think can stop it? Nobody but Nasser.

By the side of the Owen Falls dam sits an Egyptian engineer. His job is to see how much water goes through the dam, and report if the flow is not sufficient. For this is where the White Nile begins, and it supplies Egypt with a large part of her water.

Britain is supposed to ask Egypt's permission to embark on any irrigation schemes which may decrease the flow from Lake Victoria.

The agreements were reached under conditions far removed from the present-day situation. There was then a great prospect that, through friendly co-operation, the nations depending on the Nile waters could make the desert fruitful and bring prosperity to the wastelands.

Nasser has changed all that. He has pursued a policy of hate and enmity against his essential partner in the regulation of the Nile water.

BROKE PLEDGES

In the name of Egyptian sovereignty, he has broken his pledges and seized the Suez Canal, creating for himself a stranglehold on Britain's sea-going commerce. His apologists in Britain say "Why not? The Suez Canal runs through Egyptian territory."

What if Britain were to say: "We need much more water for irrigation schemes in Uganda, Kenya and Tanganyika. The headwaters of the Nile flow from our territory. In the name of British sovereignty we propose to use them as we see fit."

If Nasser eventually gets away with his grab, a time might come when Britain would have to consider a "snuff for the gander" policy of this kind.

Her present policy is far removed from anything so drastic. But it would be well to let the people of Egypt—and the rest of the world—know that the principle of sovereignty can work both ways.

(Copyright)



WHY A MILLION ARAB REFUGEES WON'T BUDGE

A PICTURE of one million Arab refugees breeding like mice, living entirely on the charitable donations of Western countries, and refusing to work or to move, was painted by a refugee worker who has just arrived in Hongkong from Jordan.

Miss Rhona M. Preston is a middle-aged motherly London woman. She has a soft voice and the sort of nature that could not hear of the terrible conditions in which Arab refugees were living after they had been turned out of Israel without wanting to go out herself and work among them.

Gathered In

THEY were gathered in by the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration officials who numbered the people, put them in camps, gave them ration cards, rations, health centres, schools, training colleges, scholarships to Britain and the United

WILLIAM SMYLY interviews a London woman who worked amongst them

States, and settled them in vast idle villages where they wait, and do nothing for themselves. Christian organisations investigate any problems that may be left over after the United Nations has done its work, and distribute large amounts of free clothing.

Better Living

MISS Preston praised the refugees "co-operation" with the authorities that are lavishing a free livelihood on them. She praised them for the way they have taken UN free clinics to their hearts. Some of them, she said, do not consider themselves properly treated now unless they have had an injection. Pills are no longer good enough. She said it was a privilege for her to work among the women and children and give them "a certain amount of sympathy." But she told, reluctantly, about a darker side of the picture also.

Arab refugees, she said, are now living free at a higher standard and with better health facilities than they ever made for themselves in their farms, or than they could possibly make

for themselves from the semi-desert farming lands of Jordan.

The attitude of the refugees to the aid which is being lavished on them is that it was Britain that allowed them to be driven from their homes by Israel, so the refugee problem is Britain's problem. Britain or the United Nations must find the answer to it or go on paying. And the only answer that the refugees will consider is to turn Israel off their old farms, and send them back, and protect them when they get there.

The refugees will not consider suggestions that they could be moved to other areas and helped to develop new homes and farms by modern methods which Israel has used to win back desert into cultivation.

Oil Sheiks

THE oil sheiks—rich Arabs who are now among the richest men in the world—will not consider using some of the wealth which has poured into their coffers without any effort of their own in paying or helping resettlement schemes in other parts of the Arab world.

The Jordan Government will not consider getting together with Israel on a vast loan from the United Nations or the United States to utilize available water supplies better and share a great Jordan irrigation scheme, which would appear to be the reasonable answer to the border problem.

Each party considers that it was the fault of the West that innocent people were driven suddenly off their farms by war. They consider that the West is responsible and are prepared to do nothing about it themselves. The only solution that they will consider is driving Israel back.

In the meantime, the Arab States build up their armed forces, and Western money in the form of relief buys time and postpones a Middle East war.

Moslem Laws

ASKED how she thought the Arab States would fare in a war against Israel, Miss Preston said that the general feeling was that they would not stand a chance unless a really great Arab leader arose with the power to organise and command all the Arab forces and get them to strike at once and take Israel by surprise.

She added that the general feeling among Europeans working in the area was that this event was not likely to happen.

In the meantime Arabs in Amman, capital of Jordan, are heard saying openly, "Take all you can from the damn fool Christians." But at the same time Moslem laws are tightening up, and Christians are feeling increasingly stringent restrictions placed on them, and converts walk in pairs of their lives.

Miss Preston said in her quiet matter-of-fact voice that on Arab converts to Christianity today must face attempted murder by a member of his own family or clan. If he is not murdered, he will probably get out of the country to some place where feeling is not being whipped up as it is in Jordan.

In Lebanon

SUCH a place exists just over the border in Lebanon, the small country that has made big business of refugees since the night of a whole population of Armenians from Russia in 1918.

Now many of the Armenians are wealthy Lebanese, while others still live in the ramshackle huts of sprawling 38-year-old squatter settlements around Beirut.

The Lebanon is said to have made more money out of Jordan's refugee problem than Israel. Miss Preston said, as she described the towering buildings and indescribable traffic of Beirut, "I have seen the Lebanon's money from the Middle East."

She said that the Lebanon's money is in the hands of the French.

Arabian pipeline for Iranian oil from the southern coast across Jordan and Israel to Syria and Lebanon.

Meanwhile the old pipeline that supplied the Allied armies in the Middle East throughout the war runs unbroken across the desert. Small townships exist around each booster pump station along its course. Not only Israel but Jordan also could earn huge royalties simply by allowing the oil to flow along the pipe to tankers which would not have to face the long journey through Suez to the Persian Gulf. But the pipeline is not used and the pipe is empty.

Compared with Jordan, the Lebanon is a land of tolerance as well as a place of booming prosperity. Even Jews walk safely in the streets, although rigid frontier regulations are supposed to forbid their entry to any Arab State, and make it impossible for ordinary people to visit both sides of Israel's border with the same passport.

The only people with an immunity that allows them to cross the border are United Nations officials, certain Consular officials, and the Anglican bishop in Jerusalem.

Main Link

MISS Preston said that one good effect of the troubles has been to draw all branches of Moslem discrimination.

One of the most important roles of the Anglican bishop in Jerusalem, she said, was to act as the main link between the old Eastern and the more modern Western churches. The Eastern include the Coptic (supposed to be the oldest Christian church in existence), Greek Orthodox, Syrian Orthodox, Syrian Catholic, Armenian, and Abyssinian. Western churches include the Roman Catholic (called "Latin" in Palestine), Anglican, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Methodist, Quaker, and Baptist.

Miss Preston described colourful celebrations at Easter in Jerusalem and at Christmas in Bethlehem, particularly those of the old Eastern churches.

Why has she come to Hongkong?

She replied, "Oh my temporary job came to an end in Palestine and I came on to Hongkong to work with refugees here."

Once again, she came out at her own expense with no introductions.

(Copyright)

THE FADED DREAM OF JANET HICKS—

AS HER DULU SAYS 'I'M JUST A NOBODY NOW'

THE dream of Janet Hicks has ended here, among the dim and cheerless rooms of a mildewed mansion.

It was only four months ago that Janet left her semi-detached house at Brincliffe, Essex, and flew out here with the dream of an Indian palace, of servants, a fleet of cars, and Dulu, her maharajah.

But the maharajah is a Maharah, and more, the place is a crumbling mansion, most of the furniture is old, and the only thing that is new is the house itself.

What has happened? Waving a moody hand towards the cracked panelling of the mansion, Dulu said: "I'm a nobody. Don't call me the Maharah. My father gave me this."

From RUSSELL SPURR

Thousands, to charity. I can't even afford tips. The fools are that the vast family estate in East Bengal have been confiscated by the Pakistan Government.

Little is left beyond the income from a tea garden and some Calcutta property. Dulu is reduced after tax to less than £200 a month. Now

of that goes to maintain his ailing mother, two sisters, and a brother, and a dwindling circle of servants.

Janet has given up trying to redecorate the mansion. She's looking for a small, unfurnished flat in the suburbs of Calcutta.

With Dulu she now occupies the three-room ground floor of the family house, among tarantulas, elephants' feet, and gaudy antique skins.

But if her dreams are dashed, Janet is resolved to make do as best she can. "It will be better when we



Sharing a film magazine — Janet Hicks and Dulu

can get away on our own." Dulu poured himself a whisky and said: "Now I'll have to take a job, or sell up, and move to live quietly in the suburbs." (Copyright)



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The man who sells Ike calls in the experts

After his recent illness the traditional whistle-stop election campaign would be too much of a strain for President Eisenhower. So Leonard Wood Hall planned a new sort of campaign.



LEONARD WOOD HALL
He believes in taking only big risks

LIKE all trainers of odds-on favourites, Leonard Wood Hall, whose job as chairman of the Republican National Committee is to get President Eisenhower re-elected in November, has a thankless task. If his horse loses, the trainer is blamed. If it wins—that is, for him, Hall, aged 56, is not unduly sensitive to criticism, and fortunately for his party—he is a glutton for responsibility.

It was he who rallied the Republicans after Eisenhower's heart attack a year ago, by straight-away announcing that he was making all his plans on the assumption that Eisenhower would run again.

Having made his decision, Hall started to plan an entirely new sort of election campaign. He reasoned that Eisenhower would be unable to make the traditional folioy born-storming, whistle-stop campaign in person. So he booked \$2,000,000 worth of radio and TV time, choosing peak periods after popular shows like "64,000 Questions," and called in the big, high-powered advertising and publicity firms of Madison Avenue.

"I am merely hiring an expert," said Hall evenly. "It would be foolish not to use them. In the same way candidates use cars and planes instead of buggies and trains."

Old fashioned

In contrast to his high-pressure experts with their differential equations and queer psychological jargon, Hall himself is a typical, old-fashioned American politician.

He is a gregarious glad-hander with an (appropriately) elephantine memory for faces and names, who performs conjuring tricks for the ladies and sings robust songs at sing parties.

He is massively built, but like Ernest Bevin, of only medium height. With his horn-rimmed spectacles, receding hair and wide, easy smile, he looks the epitome of the middle-class

New York. business man who forms the backbone of his party.

The Republican Party has been Hall's life since he was born into it. His father was superintendent of the gardens at Teddie (the Republican big-stick) Roosevelt's house, Sagamore Hill.

His god-parents were a son and daughter of Roosevelt's, and he was named after a General Leonard Wood who was staying in the house when he was born.

He worked his way through law school, went into Long Island local politics, and was eventually elected to Congress in 1938.

He proved he was no mere party hack by being one of 21 Republican rebels who voted for a conscription bill in 1941 that was passed by a majority of one.

He gained the reputation of being liked by everybody, and he developed into a skilful adjuster of diversities within the party.

Eisenhower called on him to help organize his campaign in 1952, and after its triumphant outcome he was elected national chairman.

He proved he was as capable an administrator as he was a politician. "I found my headquarters split up in three different buildings. Many of the staff had never seen the chairman."

So he took a floor in a modest office building and laid it out as one large open room where everyone can see and get at everyone else. He found he had cut the administrative expenses by over 100,000 dollars a year.

Recently the 48 Republican state chairmen—the national chairman's traditional bugbear—voted, Hall the best national

chairman in the party's 100 years' history.

He is almost certainly the most energetic. The work he puts in would much surpass a chairman of the Navy Party.

Hall sometimes holds his first conference of the day at 7.30 and he rarely leaves his office before 9.30 at night.

He complains that his job leaves him no time for exercise. He irritates his wife by reading newspapers all through meals. The last show he remembers seeing was South Pacific.

Too tense

"My wife loves plays, shows, operas, concerts and so on, but I'm too tense now to sit still for three hours."

For though he appears to have all the time in the world to gossip with a Republican congressman who drops into his office, the massive calm, the easy outward manner are deceptive. Hall complains of trouble with his nerves. He has given up smoking. Six months ago he found that his 80 a day had crept up to 100. He decided he couldn't quit. "I just gave them up, I broke the habit in four days."

Carpentry used to be his great joy. He was a better craftsman than most men who make their living by it. He hasn't touched his tools for four years. Sometimes he looks sadly at the state the minor accidents of a lifetime have left on his hands.

Then he turns to answer the telephone, shake a hand, slip a check for having won his great gamble on Eisenhower's running again, he is leaving as little as he can to chance. Like Napoleon, Hall believes in taking only big risks.

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SHHH...DON'T MENTION KAY KENDALL

by Roderick Mann

THE ticket clerk was polite—but unhelpful.

"I could get you a seat for next April, perhaps..." "Otherwise?"

"You could try the black market. But you'll have to pay \$35 a ticket."

That was my introduction to "My Fair Lady"—the staggeringly successful musical adaptation of "Pygmalion" and the greatest hit in the history of the American theatre.

Nothing like it

There never was a show like it. Unless you have powerful connections, you don't stand a chance of getting a seat in under seven months. The backers say it will make over \$2,000,000—and sales of records alone are soaring towards the \$1,000,000 mark.

All of which makes joyous reading for the lean, lanky star of the show: 48-year-old Rex Harrison.

Harrison stands astride this tremendous musical like a Colossus.

As Professor Higgins, he looms above the stage in an old cardigan, rude and insulting, curt and complacent, elegant and heeling—yet dispelling a brand of magic rarely seen before on any stage.

Ironically enough, Harrison is probably the most disliked actor in America. "Rude," "arrogant," "selfish" are but a few of the many labels hung around his neck in recent months.

"You really are a dreadful person," Noel Coward is reputed to have told him. "If—next to me—you were not the finest light comedy actor in the world you'd be good for only one thing—selling cars in Great Portland Street."

He snapped

Yet despite all this, Rex Harrison enraptures audiences every night in his fervent Harrison devotion.

"Are you a man of good character, whose women are concerned?" a friend asks in the show.

"Yes," says Harrison, replies Harrison. "Have you ever had

a man of good character whose women are concerned?"

The audience laps it up.

And when, at the close of the piece, he admits his love for the little flower girl with "I've grown accustomed to her face...there is hardly a dry eye in the place."

Even long-time enemies like Hollywood columnist Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons have had to admit that his performance is brilliant. Neither of these writers has ever forgiven him for having his name coupled with that of Carol Landis—the beautiful and popular actress who committed suicide eight years ago.

(Told that Hopper had called his performance "brilliant," Harrison snapped: "I'd have thought more of the lady if she hadn't...")

Being the toast of Broadway and the most talked about actor in America has made Harrison—now earning \$2,000 a week—virtually un-get-at-able. He refuses to see New York columnists. And the reason for his reluctance to go interviewed is the continued presence at his side of the slender, 25-year-old British actress Kay Kendall.

Plus the fact that he is now legally separated from his wife Lill Palmer.

But wonderful

Miss Kendall has been gracing Rex's arm—both at private parties and in the limos of Broadway—ever since "My Fair Lady" opened last March.

They are constantly together. When Rex took a week off from



Mrs. Elverson and baby.

"I DON'T want to seem melodramatic," said Nicholas Monsarrat gloomily, "but there's only one word to describe the sea." (I'll leave you to guess what it was.) "If I were an ex-farmer with limited sailing experience, I think it would be sheer cruelty to take a young baby on a long voyage in a small boat."

We were talking about 31-year-old Brian Elverson and his 22-year-old wife Rosamund, who are now on the first stage of their voyage from Cornwall to the South Seas. With them on their 20-ton ketch Scolopax is their 11-month son, Rupert.

Get scared

"Children easily get scared even on big boats," Marc Monsarrat, aged three, has only ever travelled in ships the size of the Queen

IS IT TOUGH ON THE KON-TIKI BABIES?

BUT THE OCEAN-WANDERING PARENTS AND THE LANDLUBBERS DISAGREE

Mary, but even the slight 16 degree roll on those frightened him. "I think it is a type of brutality to subject a young child to that sort of thing."

As a landlubberly mother of four, I entirely agree with him, and so did many other young parents I know. Mrs Peter Twiss, wife of jet air ace, said, "I think it's a terrifying idea. If Sarah were a baby I'd certainly leave her behind."

Mrs Geoff Dyson (Olympic hurdler Maureen Gardner), and wife of Melbourne-bound chief Olympic coach, would not dream of taking her children on any sort of long air or sea journey, "let alone in a little boat," she shuddered.

Only Mrs Donald Campbell, still recuperating from the thrill of her husband's latest world shattering record run, gave the matter any serious consideration.

Black-bearded Brian Elverson, aged 31, and his wife Rosamund, aged 22, have no doubts about their plan to take eleven-month-old son Rupert with them on their 10,000-mile trip to the South Seas.

Mr. Elverson, an ex-farmer who has been living for three months aboard the ketch Scolopax with wife and baby while fitting out, says life at sea is good for a baby—"better than living in a stuffy city."

by Romany Bain

"I admire the mother very much," she said from Coniston, "but I don't think I'd have the nerve to take a young child." She paused for reflection. "Unless Donald were with me, of course," she said brightly.

But when I spoke to half a dozen other hardened sea adventurers who had actually DONE what the Elversons plan to do, I heard a very different story. According to Adrian Sellman, famous oceanic wanderer, there's really nothing to it. As long as you follow your weather forecasts and charts for a week or two beforehand, "use your loaf and follow a depression" (which shouldn't be difficult this year) you'll be over the Bay of Biscay and across the Pacific before you can say "baby overboard."

"As for the child it will be quite all right if they take the right things," said Rosemary Sellman, daughter of Sir Arthur Grimble.

"They must pack the Shipman's Medical Guide, twice as much baby food as they would need on land (in case of becoming), a paraffin fridge if possible, and a large supply of disinfectant as the main danger to Rupert will be food poisoning."

Water baby

Adrian Sellman's first daughter was born and spent the first 18 months of her life on a world cruise, "and only once fell down a companion hatch, and wasn't even bruised. We put a spring door at the head of the hatch, laced the ship's guard rails with light cord, and netted her cot in gimbals to prevent her from getting thrown about, and she was as happy as anything," he told me.

Like Rosamund Elverson who says Rupert is just as likely to meet death on the roads, Rosemary Sellman thinks there are greater domestic dangers than life on the ocean wave.

Dr Edmund Pye, who travelled with his wife to the South Seas between 1952-55 in a 20ft. boat, gave an equally optimistic medical opinion. "As there's sufficient stateroom to take plenty of fresh food and water in a 20-burner, there's nothing against it," he told me from Mizen Cottage in the wilds of Essex.

No doubt

There is no doubt in the mind of Jill Bonford, 28-year-old fiancée of 34-year-old Lieutenant Commander Peter Hamilton, who has just crossed the Atlantic alone in his 21ft. sloop, Salmo. She looks forward with confidence to her honeymoon trip across the Pacific.

"I believe a family is a family and like Mrs Elverson, would hate to be parted from my child, if I ever have one." "It would take more than public opinion to stop me if I wanted to," she said boldly.

More people than ever are preparing small ships for this sort of journey than ever before, though most of them don't get much farther than Land's End.

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REX HARRISON
"Have you ever met a man of good character whose women are concerned?"

QUEEN DINA OF JORDAN SAYS 'I'M SO HAPPY'

From STEPHEN HARPER

I TALKED with beautiful Queen Dina of Jordan for an hour—of poetry and politics, bulb growing, and babies. Everything except the rumours of a rift between herself and King Hussein.

These she dismissed as too absurd to discuss.

The queen received me at her father's modern white mansion in the garden suburb of Maadi, on the banks of the Nile.

First she told me why she came to Cairo three weeks ago: "My father broke his hip some time ago. He has been very lonely confined to the house. I am his only child and I wanted to see him and cheer him up."

"It is my first holiday away from Amman for more than a year. I felt I deserved a break from routine. But I shall return soon of life."

Cairo, home later this month. Back in the palace at Amman is seven-month-old Princess Aliya. Queen Dina sometimes hears the baby's chuckles when she speaks on the telephone with King Hussein.

Did she hope for another child, a boy perhaps, before very long? "I think it is a little soon yet," she replied. Of her life in Amman, the queen said: "I love it there. There is such a lot to do as a citizen in my special position."

How is she spending her holiday? "Very quietly. Talking with father. Seeing old friends. I should like to go shopping and browse in the bookshops, but it is embarrassing with a crowd trailing around."

Then she talked frankly on the subject most women shun: "Yes, I am really 28—want to be so near 30. That is such a landmark in life. I wish the evening lasted twice as long. It is the best part of life."

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

The Russians Create A New Aristocracy

FEE-PAYING BOARDING SCHOOLS—
IF YOU KNOW THE RIGHT PEOPLE

By HUGH SETON WATSON

IN the opinion of orthodox Marxists, economic power determines political power. A ruling class must therefore consist of those who hold economic power, or of their nominees.

In industrialised countries with a system of private enterprise—say the Communists—it is the capitalists who rule, sharing power in varying degrees with the large landowners whenever the latter are a considerable force.

But when a proletarian revolution expropriates capitalists and landowners, economic power belongs to the people, and there can no longer be a ruling class. In the Soviet Union there are only two classes, which are not antagonistic but fraternal—the workers and the peasants.

So much for doctrine. In practice, it is true that there are no large private landowners and no private capitalists in the Soviet Union. It is equally true that immense political power is concentrated in the hands of a small number of Communist Party chiefs, and that a larger but still small minority of the Soviet population enjoys material and cultural privileges which raise them far above the masses.

At The Top
A new social stratum has formed at the top of Soviet society, access to which from below is still possible but is becoming more difficult. This stratum has striking similarities to the bourgeoisie of nineteenth century Europe, and indeed can best be described by the name "state bourgeoisie."

It is not itself a ruling class, but it is the social group from which the ruling personnel are recruited, and it exercises social pressures which are felt with the higher ranks of the ruling Communist Party.

In an attempt to reconcile fact and theory, Joseph Stalin introduced a modification of the Marxist class doctrine by admitting that there was in the Soviet Union a "stratum" (not a "class") distinct from workers and peasants, which he called the "telling intelligentsia."

In 1937, according to the official report on the Third Five Year Plan, the "telling intelligentsia" consisted of 9,000,000 persons gainfully employed. Of these, 1,751,000 were

managers, big and small, in government departments, industry and agriculture. About 3,000,000 were persons belonging to what would be called in the West "the free professions," or in Imperial Russia "the intelligentsia"—teachers, architects, doctors and others.

Thirty Million

At the end of World War II, Politbureau member Nikolai Voznesensky announced that the numbers of "telling intelligentsia" had been 11,300,000 in 1939. More recent references have been to 15,000,000 which with dependents would mean at least 30,000,000.

Not all members of the "telling intelligentsia" enjoy wealth or privileges. School teachers in villages or small towns and clerical employees in many enterprises are certainly less well paid than the most skilled factory workers.

Even so, white-collar workers seem to hold a stronger attraction for Soviet young people, as shown by frequent complaints in the press deploring the excessive number of office workers in Soviet cities and urging youth to the factory bench or the tractor.

In contrast, the higher levels of the "telling intelligentsia" are indeed privileged. The most dazzling prizes go to the decorative aristocracy of court poets and ballerinas—and after them, the factory managers, high officials in ministries, senior officers of the armed forces, and heads of party or trade union branches.

The salaries of the upper "intelligentsia," as compared to worker and peasant wages, show a wide range of income differentials in the world. With greater wealth, the upper stratum can obtain private dwellings and other property, which now can be passed on to children in inheritance, in addition to material privileges the upper stratum enjoys great social prestige, bestowed in many forms of recognition such as titles of rank and decorations.

Far Better

Another advantage enjoyed by the intelligentsia has been the opportunity to give their children a far better education than that available to the children of workers and peasants.

The subject deserves pause in view of decisions affecting education announced at the 20th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

In brief, the Congress directives on the Sixth Five Year Plan announced that from this autumn fees for the top three classes of secondary schools and universities would be abolished, and that by 1950 universal secondary education would be achieved basically in cities and "rural localities."

The abolition of fees will undoubtedly mean that the children of high officials will now encounter keener competition in seeking entry to middle schools and universities.

At the same time this move cannot be looked upon as the establishment of full equality of opportunity in preparation for careers. The low standard of living among the poorer elements of the Soviet population still dictates that all members of the family become wage earners as soon as possible.

The problem of access to the kind of education which qualifies youth for later responsible posts in management and government administration still remains.

Competition for places in good schools most highly qualified to get their pupils into the best universities will be as acute as ever, and parents whose financial status, geographical location and "connections" with powerful persons are greatest will do best for their children.

That such pressures are exerted is attested to by occasional complaints in the Soviet press that parents have even resorted to bribery of school officials on behalf of their children.

In this respect, perhaps the most interesting of the recent decisions on education announced by the Congress by Khrushchev is the government's intention to build a number of so-called "boarding schools" of top-level standard.

Elite Schools

In a remarkable comment, Khrushchev stated that the new institutions were to be modelled after such pre-revolutionary aristocratic schools as those for the corps of pages, the cadet corps and the institutes for the daughters of the gentry.

Situated in pleasant localities, the schools are to have "spacious classrooms, good dormitories, well-appointed dining rooms," and ample provision for extra-curricular activities. Admission fees will be charged, but partial or complete scholarships will be granted to those poorer children admitted.

The purpose of the schools, according to Khrushchev, is the rearing not of an aristocratic caste but of the "builders of a new society, persons of great heart and high ideals, who are selflessly serving the people."

If, nevertheless, these schools become elite institutions whose graduates acquire a preferential status—as seems to be intended—the wealth and influence of high Soviet officials seeking to enrol their children are likely to be decisive, and the number of poorer children who enter them will be small.

Indeed, it is not unreasonable to suppose that these "elite" schools are designed in part to compensate the present upper intelligentsia—that is, to preserve relatively exclusive opportunities for the education of their children in the face of keener competition in other schools.

Adding this development to the other privileges which the upper intelligentsia enjoys, it appears that the elitist tendencies of the Soviet regime will be as strong as in the 1930's.



THE SIGNIFICANCE OF RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

By SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P.

WHEN Napoleon realised that he had lost the Battle of Waterloo he said to one of his generals: "I have only one regret: I forgot to shoot Fouche." Thus did the Emperor express his innermost feelings towards that sinister figure who set a pattern for all time as a Minister of Police and became the most hated and feared man in France.

No one could be less like Fouche than Randolph Churchill, only son of Sir Winston, but I can well imagine that as Sir Anthony Eden looks upon the turbulent political scene to-day he mutters to himself: "I have only one regret: I failed to destroy Randolph."

All this is a prelude to a frank portrait which I propose to put before you in this issue. It is the portrait of a man, 45 years old, who accumulates enemies as a miser accumulates gold.

BEAVERBROOK

To understand the significance of Randolph Churchill at this moment it is necessary to recall that the staunchest newspaper champion of Sir Anthony Eden today is no less a person than Baron Beaverbrook.

It was not ever thus. During Eden's regime at the Foreign Office he was riddled with grape-shot by the Canadian press magnate. But when Eden became Prime Minister our Canadian compatriot saw the light and was converted like Saul of Tarsus.

But let there be no mistake about it. The great Max has many faults but sycophancy is not one of them. His sudden enthusiasm for Eden was genuine.

INEVITABLE

He does not seek honours. After his stupendous services to the State as Minister of Aircraft Production in the Hitler war he could have had a step-up in the peerage by merely whistling for it, but when other men had given their lives he refused to accept any reward.

It was inevitable that when the Express Newspaper Group became the open and belligerent champion of Eden as Prime

Minister people would say that Max wanted a lift in the peerage, which, according to the gossip, had been refused by Churchill. Nothing could be more remote from the truth. Winston would have given him anything, including the silver spoons.

The fact is that the ways of the Beaver are stranger than the ways of a maid with a man. While the Daily Express, Sunday Express and Evening Standard blared encouragement to the new Prime Minister, there came the announcement that Mr Randolph Churchill would write on politics once a week in the Evening Standard and that he would express his own opinions even though they were contrary to those held by the Express Group.

The wise ones winked. Since when did newspaper barons give space to writers who were antagonistic to the established policy of their newspapers? Four or five articles perhaps just as window-dressing, but not a weekly column. But they did not know Lord Beaverbrook.

Which brings me to the hero of our narrative, Randolph Churchill. The vital statistics of this remarkable figure are that he has been married twice, that he sat in Parliament as a Tory from 1940 to 1945 and did gallant war service with the Yugoslav patriots after Germany had overrun their country.

DEFEATED

But that does not quite exhaust the essential statistics. As a Tory he was defeated in the 1945 election, which swept the Socialists into power like a tidal wave and left only a few of us marooned on the Opposition Benches.

It was not the first time that Randolph had drunk the bitter waters of defeat. He was beaten in 1929 in Liverpool and beaten later in 1936 in a Scottish by-election. But that is no disgrace. His father suffered many defeats at the polls in his tempestuous career.

Yet the undeniable fact remains that Randolph was never again adopted as a candidate, not even when his father led the Tories back to power in 1951. Finally, his name was removed from the list of available candidates at the Conservative Central Office.

But how did Randolph accept this blow to his ambitions? He took it like the Emperor Coriolanus who, when he was banished from Rome, declared: "Rome banishes me? I banish Rome." Thus did Randolph put Parliament in its place.

But let there be no doubt about it—he is an excellent writer on politics. He has style, forcefulness and courage. And heaven knows he has combative-

ness. Therefore those of us who do not know him through the turbulent years were delighted when the Beaver took him on the Standard. As a political writer Randolph can hold his own with any of his contemporaries, and is able to draw upon the invaluable experience gained by being his father's son.

Yet the rise of Eden to the Premiership presented an undoubted personal problem to our stout hero. The new Prime Minister had married Randolph's cousin. We were aware that Eden was not on the list of Randolph's favourites, but would our buccannery feel some hesitancy in attacking his cousin by marriage?

Let it be known that Randolph put such thoughts out of our minds at once. Hardly had he settled down to his task than he opened fire on the new occupant of Downing Street, and he has never stopped.

SURPRISE

In Randolph's eyes Sir Anthony is a weakling, a wobbler, a dilettante and a bungler. England had fallen low indeed when it could find no better successor to the immortal Winston than this ill-fated dummy from the Foreign Office.

"Sir Anthony is the strong man who will lead us to prosperity," shouted the Express Group. "Put your trust in Sir Anthony." No wonder Fleet Street gasped.

Then came the next surprise. With a flare of trumpets, the Evening Standard announced that another political commentator had been engaged by them, a writer who would have complete freedom of expression just the same as Randolph Churchill. The new star was no less a person than Richard Strong.

But who or what was Richard Strong? It is true that there are some 15,000,000 people living in Greater London and that in such a multitude there must be a certain amount of un-

discovered genius, but one does not appear overnight from nowhere and claim his place as an unrestricted political writer on London's foremost evening newspaper.

Mr Strong revealed his hand in the very first article. In his opinion Sir Anthony Eden was a man of destiny whose unrivalled knowledge of foreign affairs would make him not only the peace-maker but the pace-maker. America and Great Britain would be drawn closer together by the warm understanding between Beaverbrook and Eden. Let us rejoice that at such a difficult period in the world's history we were able to produce a leader who was liked and respected by the whole world.

Again and again at Westminster I was asked about the identity of Richard Strong, but like the man in the Gallup Poll I could only answer: "Don't know."

Yet, as Mr Strong went appropriately from strength to strength, my ear began to detect familiar phrases. Lord Beaverbrook has always liked the pungent comment of short words. Not for him the volubriousness and cadences of the poet. He says what he has to say with no obscurantism or irritating asides. Everything is forthright and crystal clear.

SIMILARITY

To do Mr Strong credit, his style was not completely of the Beaverbrook school. There were moments when it slid into the tortuousness which bore a marked similarity to a recent editor of *Ancient Beasts* (sic), *Wing Weekly*, *Tribune*. The editor had resigned from the *Tribune* and had disappeared into space. Could he be the mysterious Richard Strong, assuming that he had adopted that name as a disguise?

Fortunately I cannot tell you, although you will agree that the element of coincidence is there.

But how was Randolph, the hero of our story, faring all this time? He went to Chicago for the Presidential candidate elections and wrote some excellent stuff. With the glory of his name he attracted much attention and hospitality in America, and there is no reason to suppose that he did not behave like little Lord Fauntleroy.

In this portrait I have painted you may think that I have put in too many words, but that is neither my desire nor intention. The blunt truth is that Randolph Churchill bears a great name which none of us wants to see lowered by faults of temperament.

There is a place for a man who has the courage to defy the gods. Nor is the role of political rebel a dishonourable one. But when criticism descends to vulgar abuse it misses the target and recoils upon the marksman. It may be that in Randolph's judgment Eden is a weakling whose Premiership will prove disastrous. But when criticism becomes wholly destructive and without sensibility it strikes not merely at the man but at the exalted position that he holds.

PREJUDICE

I would not have written this if Randolph Churchill were a normal politician or journalist indulging in vagaries of temperament. But a man cannot shake off his duties to his family—and more especially when he bears the name of one who is immortalised while still on earth.

There is no foreseeable political future for Randolph, which is a good thing for Britain, but as a brilliant journalist and as an informed commentator on current events he can influence the public mind and add knowledge to the multitude.

Nor would I deny him the right to criticise the Prime Minister without mercy provided to his family—criticism is born of judgment and conviction, and not from prejudice. Lord Beaverbrook is right to give him a platform.

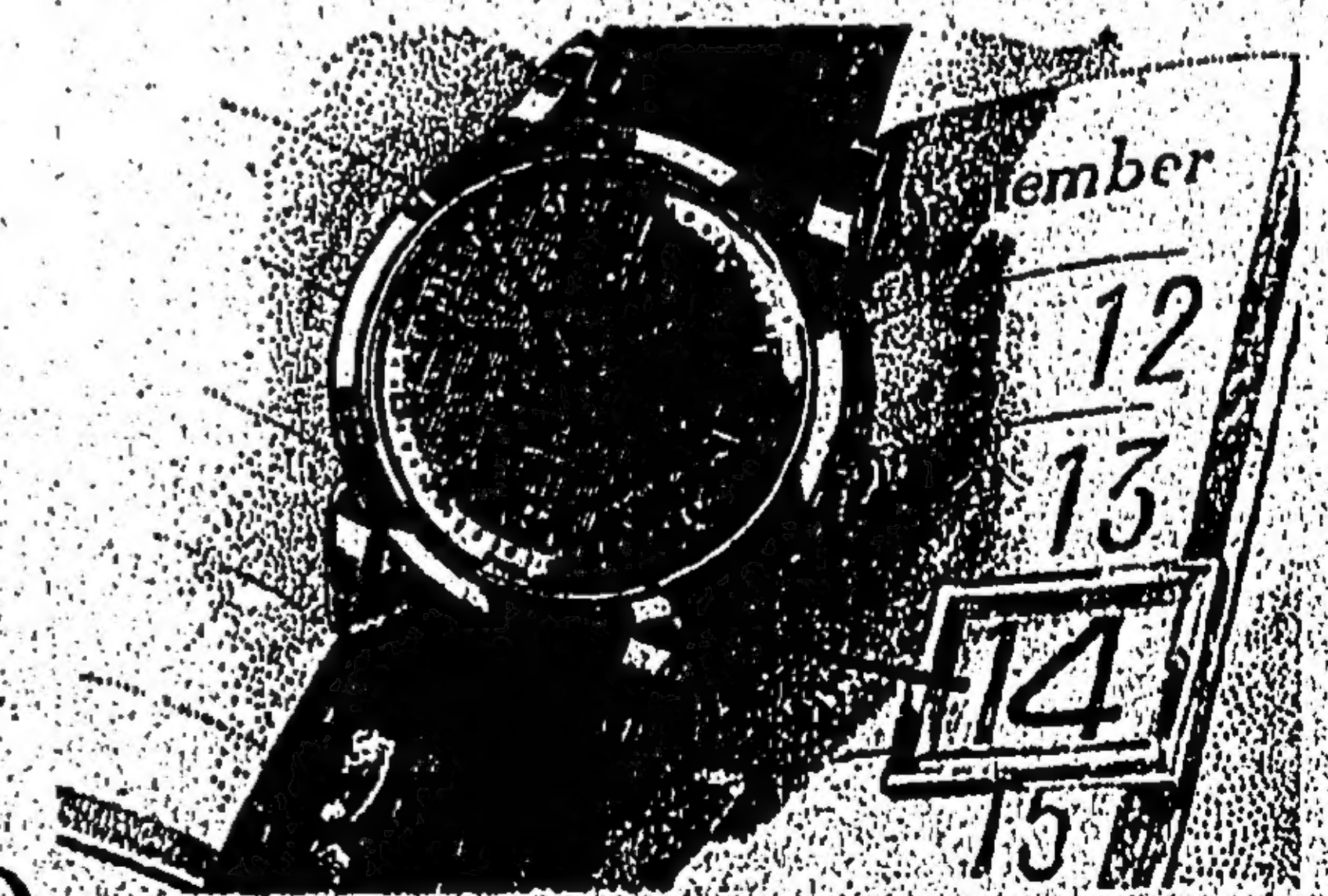
Therefore I wish Randolph well and trust that he shall not meet by accident on a dark night. As for Mr Strong, may he go appropriately from strength to strength. (Copyright)



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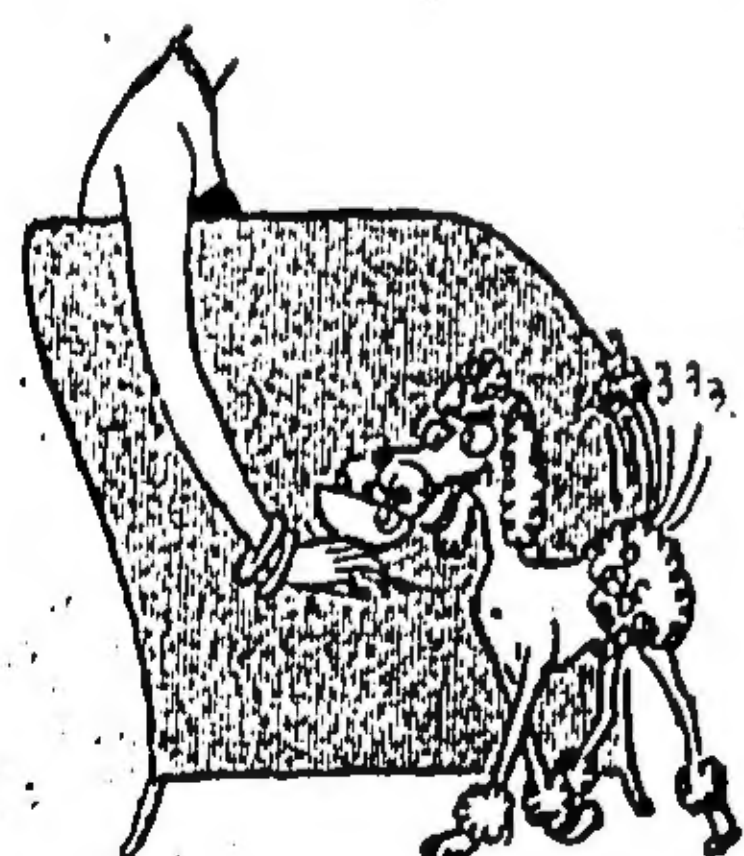
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EVE PERRICK tells:

HOW TO DODGE YOUR DRINK AT A PARTY



It takes our Bessie, the bold and brave Brad-dock, to say "Nieto to you" when pressed to take a drink by a succession of lavish hosts on her recent trip to Russia. Back home, flushed with success but nothing more, she admits: "It was difficult, but I beat 'em."

Now this question of how to refuse the drink you don't want is an old social problem—as old as the story of the man with dishonest intentions plying the innocent young maiden with liquor.

There is even an old traditional way out of the dilemma—four the stuff into the aspirator, which in the old days was always conveniently placed for such a purpose.

ivy plant hanging halfway up the wall. The problem surprisingly remains. There are a lot of women who don't drink (or not much) who often find themselves at parties where a good-time-being-had-by-all is somehow linked up in the host's mind with a generous issue of booze.

So how does a smart girl side-step the issue?

Lady Barnett, the new professional etiquette expert, is a "parker." She, finding it tedious to keep on refusing drinks, takes them, puts them down somewhere, and promptly forgets where. She advises that this method is only workable at large gatherings.

Her one-time colleague in the party game, Barbara Kelly, uses shock tactics. She says sweetly: "No thank you, unless you want to watch me turn yellow." The line of pastel-colored dress she had just picked up when she had just said she was wearing it, she said, was yellow.

Model-girl Maria Scarsia—she is the Italian beauty with the sun-ripened look of a vineyard grape—has an effective opening speech. She announces that she doesn't drink, doesn't smoke, then whispers, "But I adore oysters," somehow making that seem a much more worldly vice.

Deb-of-the-Year-Before—Last, Frances Sweeney, rather enigmatically being regarded as the Deb with the Difference—the difference being that she has drunk pure tomato juice through two crowded, boisterous seasons. And Sabine, of the robust, dairy-maid charms, states firmly her mother told her to be sure to stick to milk. "When I tell people that," says the ex-Miss Snykes, "they look as if they are going to drop dead."

Joan Crawford, who is as strong-minded as any Beale Braddock, refuses to take advantage of her husband's position and turn down alcohol on the grounds that it would be awkward for her and her husband to be seen drinking together.

She says: "I drink only what my stomach tells me to, and not what anybody else tries to talk me into."

Mostly, it seems, her stomach tells her to drink the waters from Malvern Spa. She drinks five quarts a day.

Miss Crawford has made her preference for nature's wine well known, which saves her from much of that tiresome "mother-little-drink-won't-do-you-any-harm" routine.

Lady Astor's views about the demon rum are even better known. But she too went to Moscow, that city of vodka-swillers, some years ago and there, of course, her attitude might not have been under- stood. I asked her if she had any trouble.

But Russia in 1935 was a most austere place. No wild drunken parties or anything like that then.

"We—Bernard Shaw, my husband and myself—were most impressed with the Cromwellian atmosphere. And they must have found us very cheap to entertain."

Well, there you have it—a valuable Brain Trust from Beale B. to Lady A. on how to dodge that drink.

I use my own methods, myself. Sadly I say "Yes, I'd love another," but I don't. Remember my grandfather? (This really impresses people, even though my grandfather died stone-cold sober in his sleep at the age of 87.)

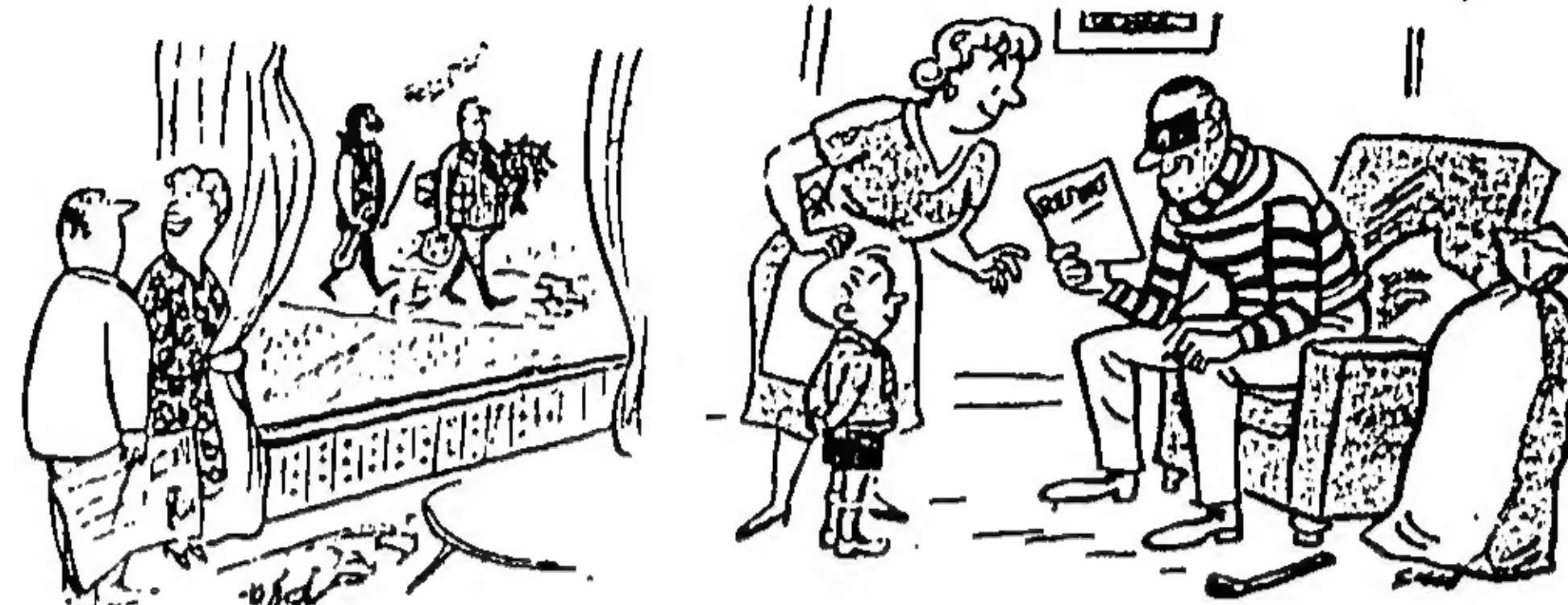
And for those who don't like to remember this line of male-morale-raising double-talk, I'll never need to drink when I'm with you.

ZANIES



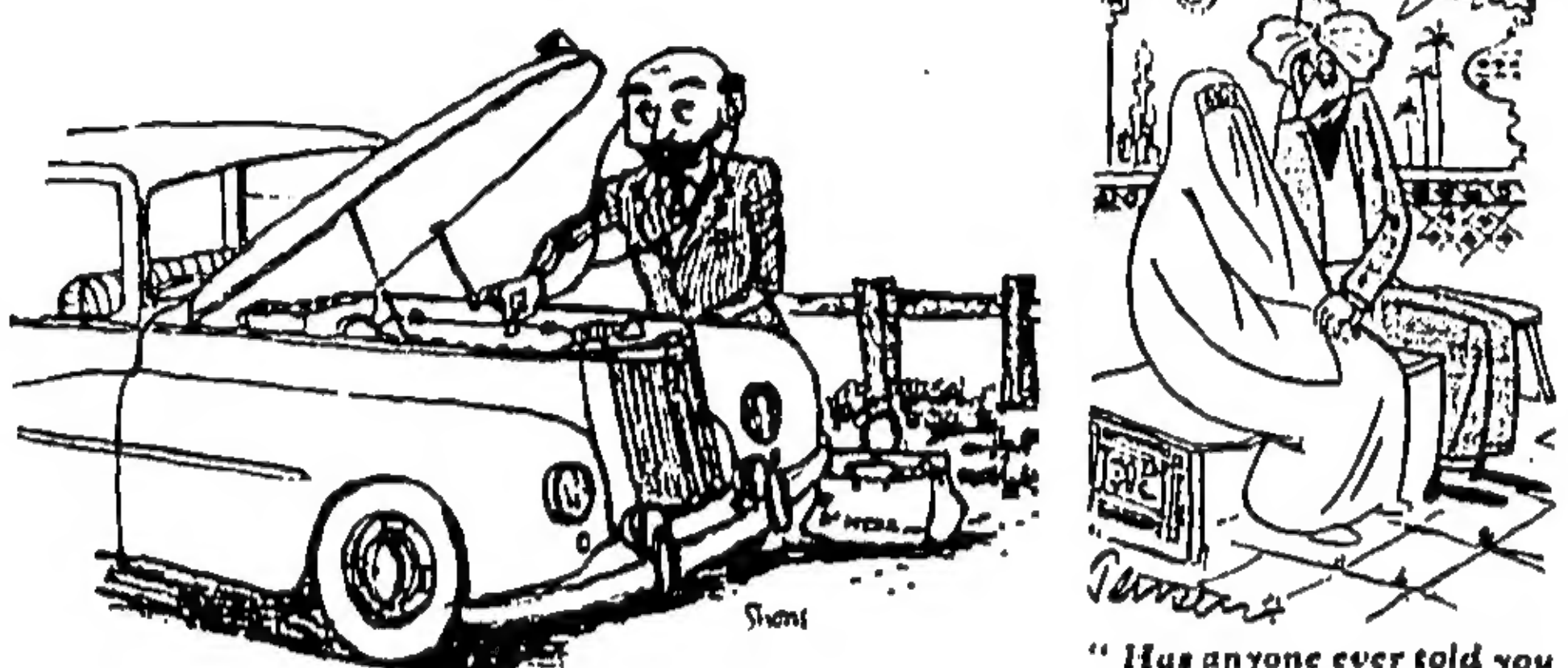
"You're waving the wrong one, dear..."

"So you're setting a new fashion, too?"



"It looks like a proposal tonight."

"Hasn't he forged the teacher's signature well?"



"Has anyone ever told you you're beautiful?"

LIMELIGHT

focuses on Paris, where Gary Cooper has come to town in a most unfamiliar role.

GARY COOPER was on the telephone: "Hiya, Countess... what's the lowdown? ... sure... sure... yep... no, no, I'm feelin' fine: never drink too much: always stop — between drinks..." He winked at me; carefully balanced the heel of one shoe on the toe of the other; sank lower on to the divan; spun the receiver as tenderly as if it were a six-shooter and put it to the other ear.

He laughed silently, his large nose crinkling like an accordion. "How's the Duchess?" he said, giving me a big schoolboy grin. "Great... great you do that honey. Call me—huh? Give my best to the Duchess." He hung up, scratched the ankle of one foot with the heel of the other. As meticulously as if he were doing a balletic exercise, he unwound his legs, shifted his weight on to one elbow and poured Scotch on the rocks. He was wearing fawn slacks and a sports shirt with horizontal blue stripes. His face was as full of interesting lines as a map of the Balkans.

All the virtues

With his easy amiability, lazy charm, and untroubled eyes, he looked the embodiment of all those simple American virtues which he has been selling so successfully for the past 25 years; the Hollywood Code could never have had a more devoted exponent, he seemed as wholesome as Mother's Day, the blue-

eyed boy of the Breen Office.

Therefore, I was appropriately shocked when he told me that he was now playing an elderly roue in the film "Love in the Afternoon," whose affairs with married women are so numerous that he single-handed provides a decent (or rather indecent) livelihood for one French private detective specialising in divorce.

"Yes," he said, "I guess I offend against the Code. First time I've ever done that. I'm quite a guy with the women in this film—married ones, too—and I don't come to a sticky finish. How do I square that with my principles? I don't. I'm taking a chance. There comes a time when



Cowboy Cooper trades his horse for a sofa

By THOMAS WISEMAN

you gotta do that. I've been virtuous one hell of a long time. Maybe it won't look too wrong because it happens in Paris; it'd be different if it happened in Wyoming. Wouldn't stand for it there, but in Paris... Hell, nobody's gonna believe it. It's fantasy."

The telephone rang and the publicity man answered it. He mimed a girl's name to Cooper, who shook his head. The publicity man said into the phone: "Mr Cooper is not back yet."

Cooper said. "Gee, thanks." Cooper continued to expound the credo that has kept him in business and in favour for so long: "There are not many guys who've been in the business longer than I have. I guess part of the reason is that I've stuck to decent principles. If pictures are going to be seen by kids, you have to do that."

"I don't hold with making films that show the sordid side of life—'The Blackboard Jungle'. I think they have a bad effect. I don't hold with showing hopeless people like in 'Death of a Salesman'. I think that's bad morally. To me it's depressing and it's dull. Sure there are people like this fellow, but you don't have to write plays about them. There are people born that way and there ain't nothin' you can do about them or for 'em."

Speak no evil

"A man like Arthur Miller, he's got a gripe against certain phases of American life. I don't like a man who has an ingrown gripe against our country. I think he's done a lot of bad. Ours is a pretty good country and I don't think we ought to run it down."

The phone rang. It was the French girl again. Cooper

stated that he was still not back. "In this film," said Cooper, scratching the side of his nose, "I do things I shouldn't. But it doesn't reflect on the American life." He grinned sheepishly. "In real life, I'm accused of doing many things that I shouldn't. ... that I haven't in fact done. No, it doesn't worry me. You expect it. I'm not bound to set an example. All in all I try to be a pretty good citizen, but I don't set myself up to be any example. I'm not important enough."

Keeping interest

"If I go out with a girl to dinner I think I'm entitled to without offending my wife and family. If I go out twice with the same girl something could be made of it—has been made. ... of it. Hell, if you make a monk out of yourself you'd lose interest in your work."

"As an actor you're in the business of interpreting life. You've got to live to do that. I'm an actor. You may not think so, but I've learned some stuff about acting. I'm of the old school of actors who wear clean shirts. Some of these new boys believe that if you have a decent suit of clothes you can't act, that you got to have some dirt on you to be any good. Me, I think you can be a good actor even if you do wash every day. 'Maybe I don't have some of the tricks, but I remember once John Barrymore saying to me: 'You skinny so-and-so, I wish I could do the things you can do.' That kind of thing makes you feel good. Sure, something. I mustn't do on the screen. I once wanted to make a Western in which I play a character who can't shoot. Cecil B. De Mille said I can't do that. It wasn't tight. You can be a good actor if you shoot a gun every day. I like down. He was right."

Once again the telephone rang. Once again it was the French girl. Cooper said: "Say I'm expected back in ten minutes."

(Copyright)

Britons Adopting More Foreigners

By A Special Correspondent

AN increasing number of Britons are adopting foreign families, by single persons in urgent need of a friendly helping hand.

No. 1 is a youth club in the Sheffield area who have adopted an Austrian family.

A few of the members of this youth club decided to put forward the idea.

They had a film show. Then a vote was taken and everyone seemed in favour of adopting the family in question.

They decided to write to the Austrian family once a month, and to send them parcels of clothing and food every so often. They plan to send a special big parcel at Christmas.

"I think we all realised how fortunate we are to have what such families would call luxuries," said

one member, "but what we class as ordinary everyday things."

Saying that arrangements would be made to translate the club's letters into German, the member added:

"Probably we shall not gain their confidence immediately, but we hope eventually to win their hearts and do all we can for them."

No. 2 is a group of younger members of a church congregation, also in the north of England.

They have adopted a 15-year-old Austrian girl who has lost her parents and is now living with foster parents near the Yugoslav frontier.

The aim of their help scheme is to run through a "Save the Children" fund—to send the girl £10 a year.

About £7 has been collected and sent already. It is hoped that the money will assist the girl in becoming a kindergarten nurse, which is her ambition.

By Frank Robbins

Total War On Italy's Most Dreaded Secret Society

A MARATHON TRIAL BROKE THE POWER OF THE CAMORRA

By JOHN ROBBINS

GENNARO CUOCOLO broke the oath of the Camorra, one of the most powerful secret societies that has ever existed and one which held Naples in a grip of terror for more than a century.

The penalty for treachery was death, and sentence was pronounced by a Supreme Tribunal of 12 Camorristi leaders. It was swiftly and brutally carried out.

On June 7, 1906, Cuocolo was found on the seashore near Torre del Greco where the lower slopes of Vesuvius sweep down to the blue Bay of Naples.

Cuocolo, a corpulent, elegantly dressed man of 42, was almost unrecognisable. His head had been battered in—and his body bore 47 wounds inflicted with the traditional stiletto carried by members of the Camorra.

His patent-leather dancing shoes were spotlessly clean and bore no trace of the Vesuvian ash, indicating that he had been carried to the spot where he was found.

STABBED

THE Neapolitan police—Publica Sicurezza—at first thought he was a stranger. But the body was identified by an uncle and the police went to the house in the Via Nardonne, in the very heart of Naples, where Cuocolo lived.

There they found the body of his wife, Maria Cutinelli, a woman of doubtful character, known as "The Beautiful Sorrentina." She, too, had been stabbed to death.

And as her body she bore the same long circular cuts—the ritual wound for a traitor or spy.

The Camorra had had its revenge. But at the same time it had given the deed its own undoing.

It had been said to the police that Cuocolo had been

THE BLACK BROTHERHOOD

The Camorra originated in Neapolitan prisons during the Bourbon oppression early in the 19th century. Its objects were at first social, but from 1860 onwards it was an unscrupulous political ring using an army of criminals for its anti-national ends.

Enrico Alfano, or Erricone, became the all-powerful head of the Camorra in 1893 after the death of its most famous leader, Ciccio Cappelletto. He was then 20.

The society controlled the horse market, all public sales, the bands of smugglers infesting Naples, and the docks. Blackmail was an organised business. Thieves had to pay the Camorra between 10 and 30 percent of the value of their loot for "protection."

Behind the scenes, it is said, the police were sent along false trails by a priest, Don Ciro Vitozzi, who was known as the "Pope of the Camorra." There was perjury and corruption at every turn, and finally the police abandoned the hunt.

But so great was public feeling—everywhere it was whispered, "The Camorra has won again"—that the government was forced to declare total war on the secret society that had had its own way for so long.

Captain Fabiani, commander of the Naples Carabinieri, Italy's para-military police, was told (it is said by the Duke of Aosta) to smash the Camorra, and smash it he did.

The main responsibility for the destruction was placed on a peasant, a Camorrista and learned the secrets of the society.

Together with other agents who had been infiltrated into Camorrista circles, he proceeded to "kill" the main Camorrista leaders, who, it was said, were

known as the "Big Five."

Abbatemaggio, a thin, vulgar

man with a scar on his forehead, was the first to be killed. He was a comrade who, as a result, had been sent to penal servitude.

According to the prosecution a certain one-eyed Nicolo Morra was instructed to arrange the deaths of the Cuocolos.

Cuocolo was enticed to Torre del Greco and killed by Morra and three others.

Then, in a hired carriage, the assassins drove to Naples and the Via Nardonne, where the beautiful Scarenina's brief widowhood was ended.

At the time of the murders Erricone was dining at an inn near Torre del Greco with other chiefs of the Camorra. It was said that at 8 p.m. Morra and another man went to the inn and said: "It is done." Erricone gave each a glass of wine.

THE trial did not begin until March 1911, five years after the Cuocolo killings, and then not in Naples but at Viterbo, north of Rome, far from the influence of the Camorra. Even so it was difficult to empanel a jury.

The unhappy juryman eventually enlisted were virtually imprisoned for the duration of the trial, and received 3s. 7½d. a day each for their trouble!

The ancient Church of the Santi (Barefooted) was turned into a courtroom, and a great iron cage was built for the prisoners. Abbatemaggio, for safety's sake, was provided with a small cage of his own: Father Vitozzi, the society's "Pope," was allowed a seat in front of the larger cage.

Slowly, punctuated by many interruptions and emotional outbursts from those inside the cage, the case against the Camorra was unfolded before the president, Cavaliere Bianchi.

BETRAYAL

ONCE Erricone—a thin, vulgar man with a scar on his forehead—was the first to be killed. He was a comrade who, as a result, had been sent to penal servitude.

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These five were sentenced to 30 years' solitary confinement. Others received varying sentences.

Confusion broke out when judgment was passed. There were shrieks, gestures, oaths and curses from the crowded men in the cage. One of them cut his throat with a jagged piece of glass and collapsed in a pool of blood.

Women fainting, men shouted. And outside it took a battalion of infantry to maintain order.

THE HERO

FATHER Vitozzi received a term of six years' imprisonment as an accomplice, but as he suffered from angina pectoris he was kept in the infirmary of Florence Convict Prison until his release in 1913, when he was still protesting his innocence.

Abbatemaggio, the informer, was jailed with the rest. But it was not the last the world was to hear of him. When Italy entered World War I he obtained permission to join the ranks and fought with distinction, winning the Italian War Cross.

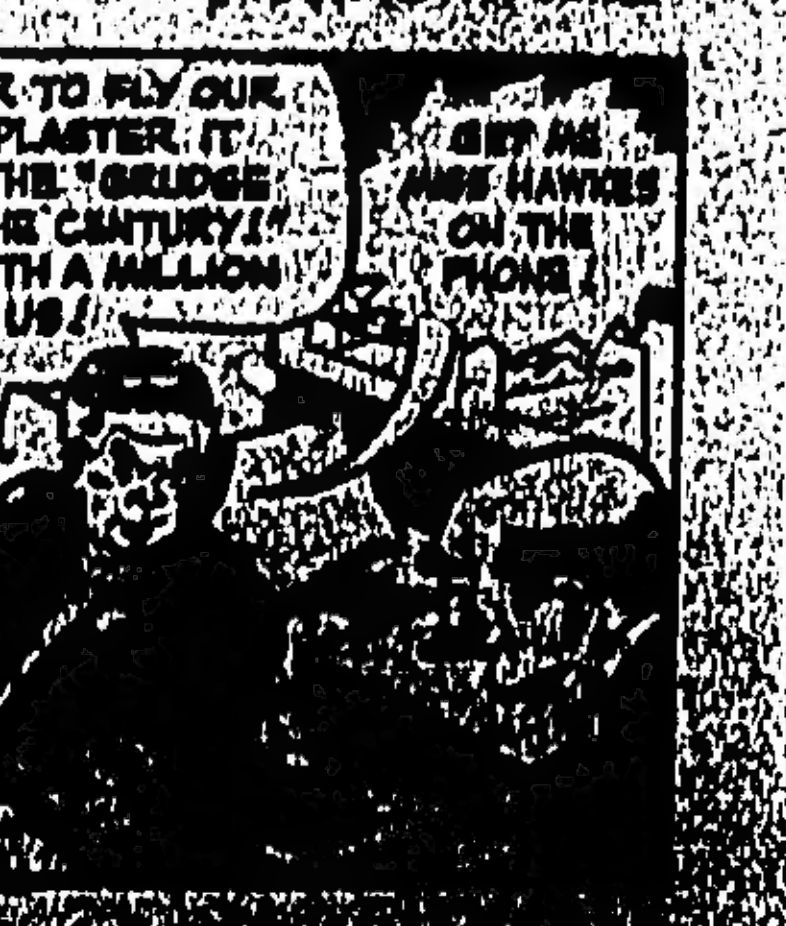
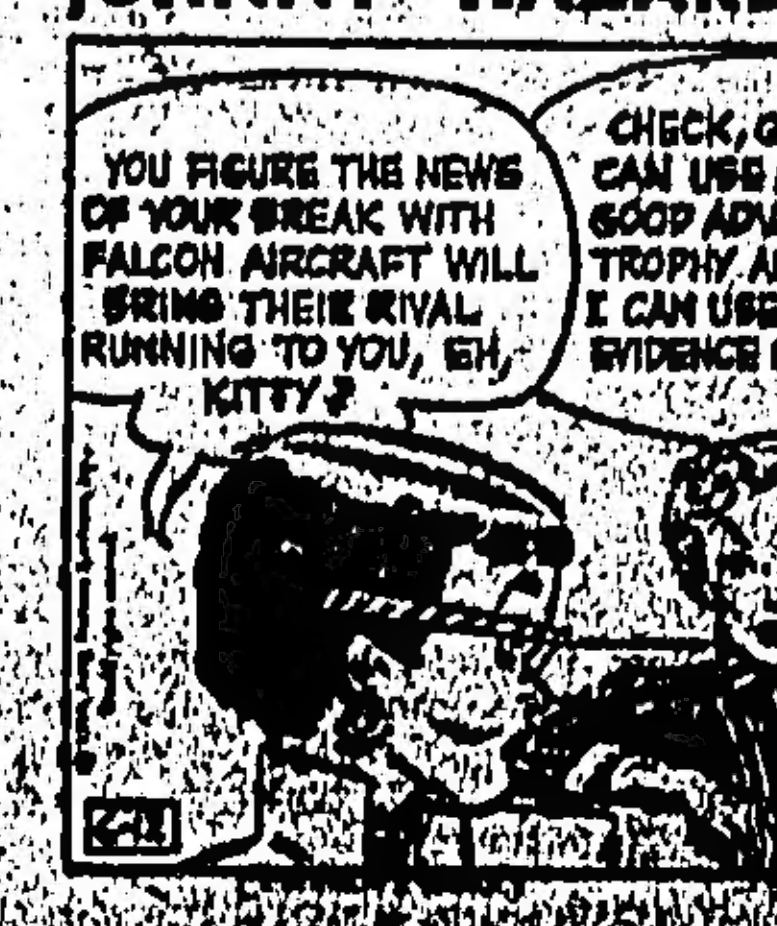
Twenty years after the trial the question was asked again—were those accused at Viterbo really guilty?

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The government, convinced there had been a tragic judicial error, decided to release survivors still held in prison. They were not pardoned—that would have been an open accusation against the Carabinieri—but five were released on parole one at a time.

All were, in fact, found guilty of criminal conspiracy, but only five were declared guilty of the actual murders.

JOHNNY HAZARD





WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



LONDON WILL BE THE RENDEZVOUS OF PARIS COUTURIERS

by EILEEN ASCROFT

LONDON will witness a unique fashion event on November 5... the first time that six of the great Paris couturiers have agreed to a joint showing of their current collections. Balmain, Dessès, Fath, Heim, Patou and Lanvin Castillo will be showing the highlights of their winter collections at the May Fair Hotel in aid of the National Fund for Polio Research.

Paper patterns of six of the models will be available to the public and each will be presented in its own material.

FOR EVERY WOMAN

The Parade will stress the fluidity of present fashions... full skirts or slim lines. This is essentially a reason in which every woman can find the line that suits her best.

Our Paris artist Crosthwaite has been given exclusive permission to make advance sketches of the styles that will be shown. Here are three of the models being sent.

Each of the six Paris fashion houses is sending one of its loveliest mannequins to London to present the new styles.



FATH

A day dress (above) of charcoal-coloured wool for autumn or winter days. The blouse top has a "crossed" neckline caught with three round buttons and three-quarter length sleeves trimmed with matching buttons. The slim skirt joins the blouse bodice at the waist. The belt is patent leather. With the dress is worn a high navy sequenced astrakhan "chechia".



HEIM

This heavy silk day dress of grey herring-bone has a fitted bodice buttoned to the neck with black buttons and is finished with a small Peter Pan collar. The wide skirt has unpressed pleats over the hips and the three-quarter sleeves are bracelet length with turn-back cuffs. The Cossack hat of pink by Claude St Cyr is mounted on a taupe velvet band and topped with black grosgrain.



PATOU

A cocktail outfit of printed silk. The strapless dress has a draped cummerbund and a ball-shaped skirt with floating panels gathered at the back. The collarless corset jacket has wide bracelet-length sleeves.

Mothers Are Warned... Beware The Tender Trap

By ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

London. THERE is only one person to blame for Liberec's mother. I observe with alarm the growing number of mothers who drown their sons in a squelch of mother love.

For every mother who neglects her child, I'm sure there must be twice the number who keep their sons tied so close to their emotional apron strings that they are liable to grow up shaped like a piano.

I have talked this week to three specialists in children's welfare—a headmaster, a doctor, and a psychologist—and to a number of intelligent fathers and mothers. Pooling their opinions, I've worked out some key questions for mothers of sons to ask themselves honestly.

The questions fall into five groups, and the right answers are Yes, No, Yes, Yes. If you give more than two wrong answers you are well on the way to being a possessive mother.

If your son is aged six. Has he got at least one friend of his own choosing, not a child of your own friends?

If he is eight. Do you feel a faint hostility to his school? Are you always criticizing the school staff and methods? Have you ever told his master that your boy is exceptionally sensitive?

If he is twelve. Do you let him spend an occasional holiday away from you, at a camp or with friends? If he is ill, are you willing for other people to help look after him? Can you hear him grinning other mothers without a pang?

INQUISITIVE?

If he is fifteen. Can he write and receive letters without your being inquisitive? Has he one desk or cupboard you never go to? Do you refrain from asking constantly "What are you reading?" or "How did you spend your pocket money?"

If he is twenty. Does he feel quite free NOT to tell you about all his girl friends? (The mother who says proudly "Johnny tells me everything" is well on the way to domination.) Do you genuinely hope that when he brings his best girl home, she'll turn out to be pretty, clever, and nice?

All very simple little questions, but quite revealing. And important to the majority of mothers who adore their sons, but have the sense not to want to "hang on."



Mama Liberec—would she pass the 5-point test?

Naturally, people are talking about pictures. In a week which started with a play about a phoney artist (Coward's *Nude with Violin*), and worked up to an exhibition by perhaps the greatest living artist (Braque at the Tate Gallery), painting has become news.

Talking around, I discovered how many people there are who would like to buy pictures but don't know how, what, where, how much.

PICTURE POINTERS

I decided to put these questions to a very skilled collector, Jack Beddington, who, over 25 years, has bought 150 pictures by British artists.

"You can buy a good picture if you have as little as five guineas to spend," Jack Beddington told me, "but there are a lot of things you have to know first."

"To begin with, there is only one reason for buying a picture, and that is that you like it. If you are clever and lucky it may appreciate, but to buy it as an investment is madness. The amateur is not likely to pick up a Rembrandt in a street market."

"Then you must know where to buy and you mustn't be afraid of going into galleries. The sphinx who sits behind the desk can't do you any real harm. However, don't go to private views; there are too many distractions and you can't see a thing. And search out the smaller galleries as well as the famous ones. Obviously, they will have more pictures at moderate prices."

"What to buy? Well, it sounds harsh, but the cheapest pictures in the art world are those by living British artists—and there are many, many good ones. Whatever you do, buy an original picture or an autograph."

I asked him about prices. He said: "In the five to seven guinea class you could get a lithography by such good artists as John Piper or Ardizzone or Julian Trevelyan or Barnett Freedman."

Or you could get a good drawing. I have a beautiful John Skeaping which I bought for eight guineas. Or you could go to the exhibitions at art schools and see what the students are doing. It is exciting picking out the talent."

I asked Jack Beddington what was his own shrewdest buy. He said: "I got an Epstein drawing three years ago for £5. It was auctioned at Sotheby's among the effects of Rosa Lewis, and I got Wolf Mankowitz to go along and bid for me."

What will a larger sum, say, 30 to 60 guineas buy? It will buy a drawing of water colour by almost any artist except the few in the very big money. Or an oil painting by many interesting and rising painters. "Don't necessarily buy an artist's fashionable mood," Jack Beddington said. If he is well known for landscapes, a still-life may cost less. "But now we're talking about bigger money," he said, "let's go back to my first point, that collecting isn't a hobby for millionaires. There are many hundreds of drawings and lithographs and even paintings to be bought for a few pounds which are well worth hanging—if you like the picture."

The Evening Mood

RECENTLY, I wrote about the battle of long or short evening dresses. I was for short ones. Now, Princess Margaret comes down on my side.

I've been asking the best-known evening beauties to open their cupboards for me and count up their evening dresses of both kinds.

MRS JOHN WARD says: "If I can choose, it's always a short dress. But on a third occasion, it has to be long. In the season in London, I wear a long dress about three times a week."

LADY MELOHETT: "Always short when I can. I have two long dresses which I seldom wear and three short ones, ending a little above the ankle."

MERLE OBERON: "I've a mania for long evening dresses, for when I dress up I like the whole works. I've brought about 20 long ones with me and I've another 50 at home."

SARAH ROTHSCHILD: "I have three short evening dresses and one long one which I'm having cut short. I was never a deb, so I rarely go to balls."

CLAIRE BARING: "Always short, and really short. I have only one long one and it is rather broken and old. I know a long dress looks lovely at a ball, but they get so trodden on."

MARGOT FONTEN: "I have five long and five short. The long ones give such grace and dignity that I would be sorry to see them go."

It looks as though the clue to Princess Margaret's choice lies in her age. The under-thirties like 'em short. The over-thirties, even those with a beautiful figure, admire the splendour of a swirling skirt.

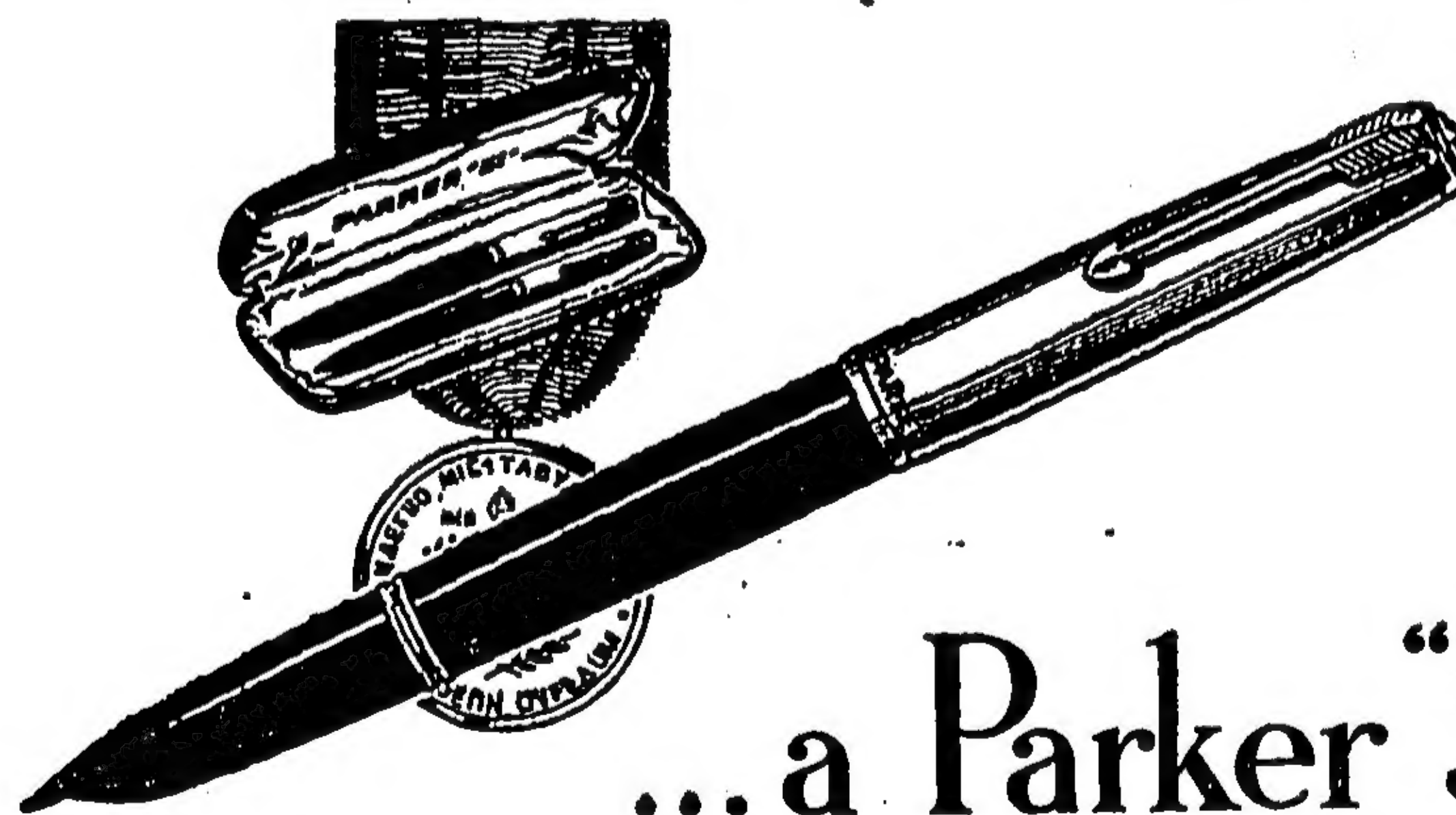


Long and graceful? Or short and young? Demachy's sketches crystallise the two evening moods.

Will Hemlines Go Up Or Down?

New York. The hemline confusion continues. Nine inches from the floor. He times in the fashion industry. Charles Evans, the nation's largest skirt manufacturer, decreed no hemline changes. Evans, whose firm of Evan-Picone manufactures 400,000 skirts annually, said he would ignore any drastic changes by the high-style designers. "I just don't believe the American woman is in the Paris designers' mood for a change," said Evans. "Maybe in a year or 18 months, but not now."—United Press.

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THE United States Air Force joined the Royal Air Force in the air display held at Kai Tak last Saturday in aid of RAF charities. Above: His Excellency the Officer Administering the Government, Mr E. B. David, arriving in a U.S. Navy helicopter. Right, above: A RAF Venom attacking a ground target. Right: The giant Globemaster troop carrier, which can take 200 passengers. (Staff Photographer)



COLONEL E. H. Steele-Baume inspecting recruits of the Hongkong Chinese Training Unit at Lyemun Barracks when he took the salute at the 21st passing-out parade. (Staff Photographer)



THE annual harbour race last Sunday attracted swimmers young and old—it was a most universally popular sports event. Wan Shiu-ming, Colony champion, seen below being interviewed by John Wallace for Radio Hongkong after winning the race. Below, right: Ann Oliver, the first girl to finish. (Staff Photographer)

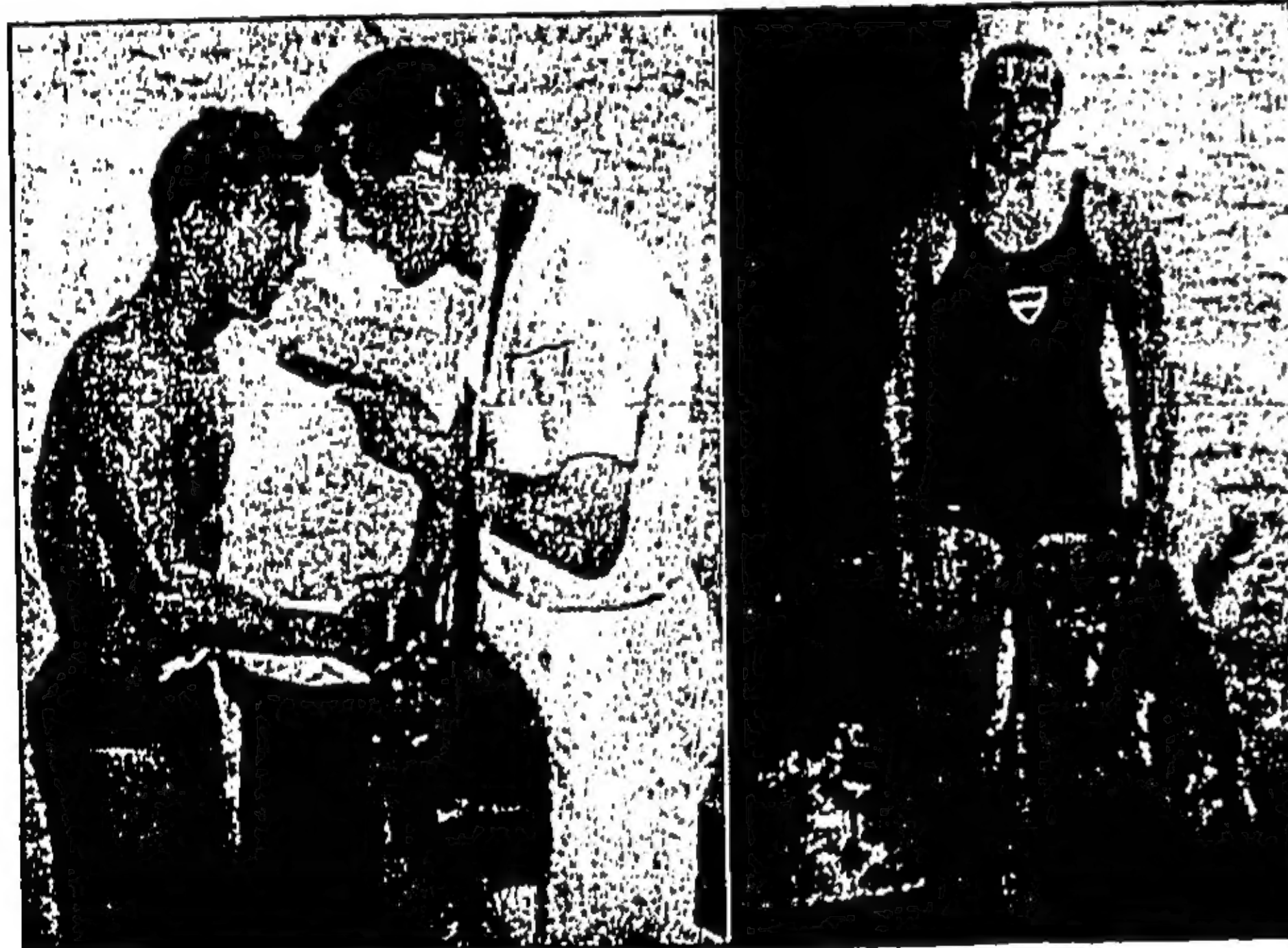


HONGKONG Chinese footballers defeated Malayan Chinese by five goals to three at Caroline Hill last Saturday to regain the Ho Ho Cup. The victorious Hongkong team seen above with the trophy. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: At the party celebrating the first birthday of Ramesh Kishinchand Sujani, son of Mr and Mrs Kishinchand C. Sujani. (Terry)

ST John Ambulance Brigade members taking part in the competition for the Trevor Shield and other trophies at Mainland Headquarters last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Miss Nalini Samarawera, a delegate of the Ceylon YWCA, demonstrating a Kandyan dance to members of the Hongkong YWCA after a kimono display this week. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Christening of Karen Anno, daughter of Captain and Mrs D. S. Holdworth, which took place at St Joseph's Church. (Ming Yuen)



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SENIOR
Jose Maza, President of the United Nations General Assembly, who visited Hongkong last week, meets Mr. C. E. Mardon, President of the United Nations Association, Hongkong Branch, at a tea party given by the Association at the Gloucester Hotel. (Staff Photographer)



PARTY
given for Miss Margaret Loh (middle of front row) by her associates in H.M. Dockyard to say farewell to her before her departure for Japan. Miss Loh intends to live in Japan. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP picture taken at the wedding of Mr Victor Noel Castro and Miss Joyce Pomroy at the Star of the Sea Church, San Francisco. Both bride and groom were formerly of Hongkong. (Vince Tavares)



RIGHT: The Roman Catholic Bishop of Hongkong, the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Lawrence Bianchi, snapped at one of the stalls at the St Paul's Convent bazaar last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Wedding at the Registry, Supreme Court, last Saturday of Mr Sydney Liu, assistant editor of the New Life Evening Post, and Miss Anna Young. (Staff Photographer)



SECOND birthday party of Julia, daughter of Lt-Comd and Mrs F. W. Bradburn. Julia is seated on the floor third from left. (Ming Yuen)



MR Hui Bon Hoa and his bride, formerly Miss Wong Mi-lun. They were married at St Paul's Church last Saturday. (Ming Yuen)

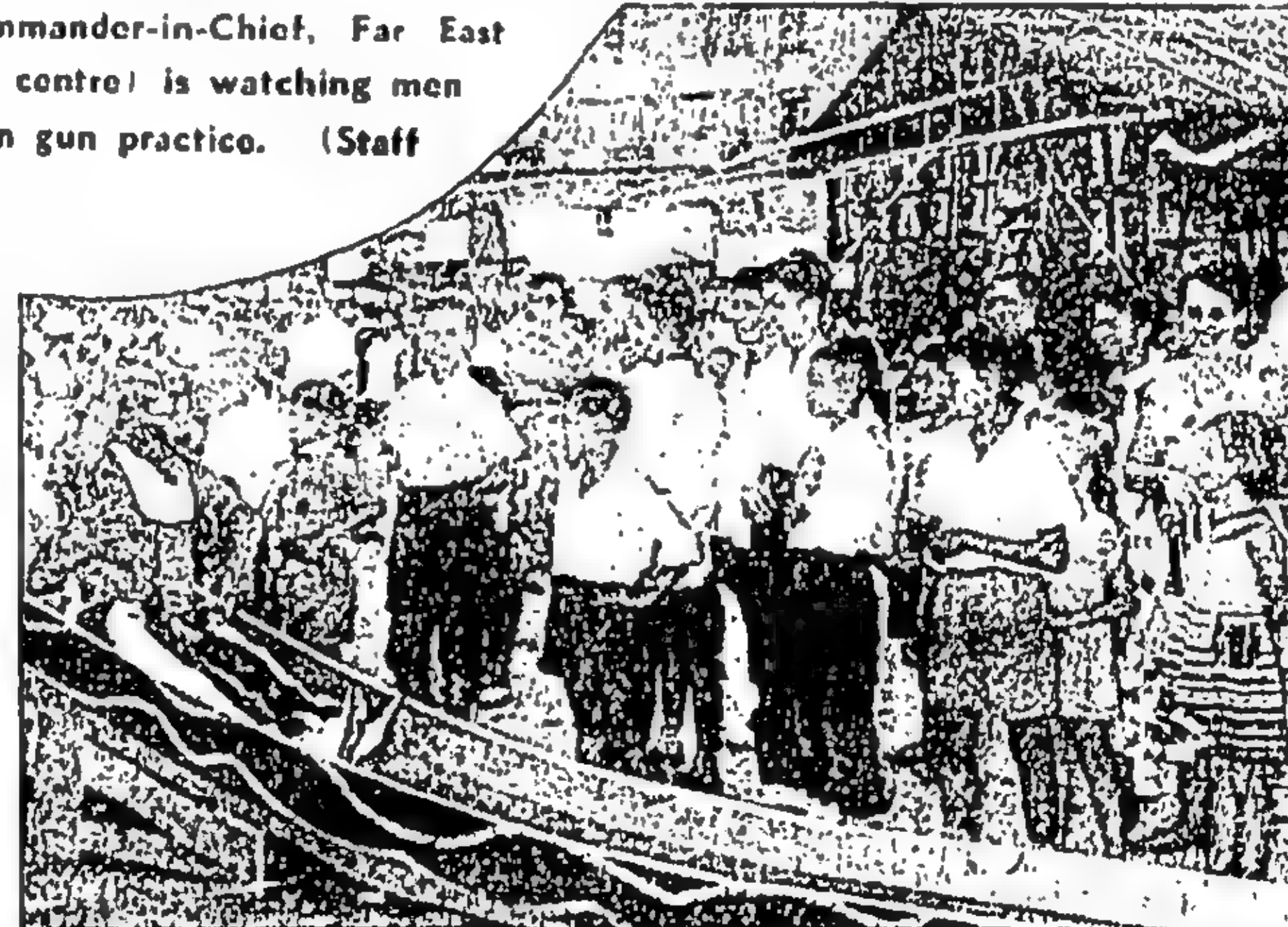


SCENE at Royal Hongkong Defence Force Headquarters during the visit of Lt-Gen. Sir Francis Festing, Commander-in-Chief, Far East Land Forces. General Festing (tallest in centre) is watching men of "B" Coy, Hongkong Regiment, at Bren gun practice. (Staff Photographer)



CAESAR COELHO (right), the new Colony lawn bowls singles champion. He beat Joe Luz (left) at the Kowloon Bowling Green Club last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Crowds at last Saturday's Michaelmas Fair watch delightedly as a clown leads children down the giant slide. Proceeds from the fair will go towards equipping St John's Cathedral's new hall. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Guests at the birthday party of Miss Eleanor Chung last Saturday. Miss Chung is seated fifth from left. (Ming Yuen)



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HIS DISCONTENT. BEATS ON
BOWL WITH SPOON



FEELS THAT A GOOD FEELING
HIS ANSWERS HIS
POOD BEATS ON HIS TRAY



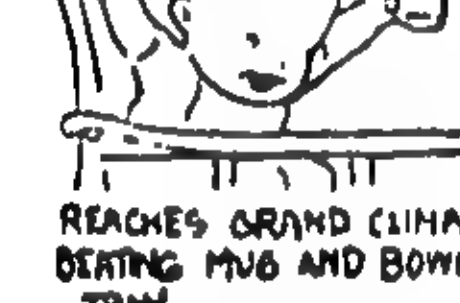
BEATS ON HIS MUG WITH
SPOON—THAT'S A MERRY
SOUND!



MOODS DOWN AND MUG
TOGETHER



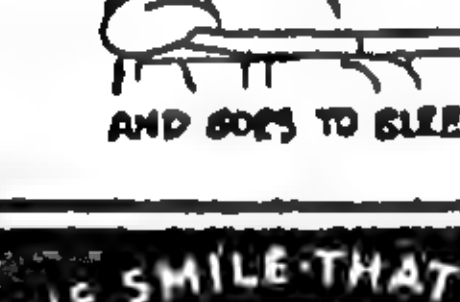
BEATS MUG ON TRAY



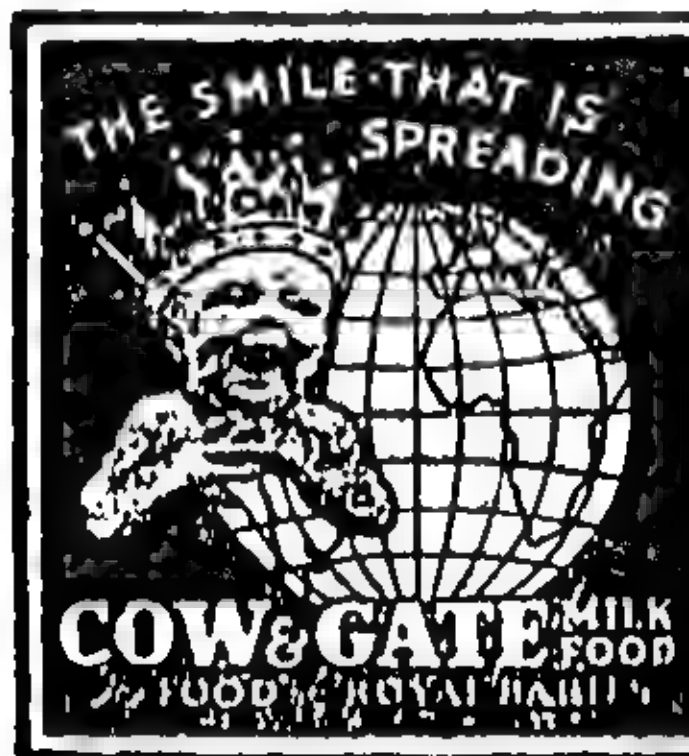
REACHES GRAND CLIMAX OF
BEATING MUG AND BOWL ON
TRAY



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HAPPILY ON FLOOR



AND GOES TO SLEEP



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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



Knit While You Relax BEADED EVENING JUMPER

MATERIALS: 5 ozs. Sirdar
Majestic 2 ply wool, 1 pair of
No. 12 and 14 needles, 2
packets of beads. Blue binding.
MEASUREMENTS: To fit up
to 34 inch bust.

TENSION: 8 sts. to 1 inch.
ABBREVIATIONS: K, knit;
p, purl; st, stitch; inc, increase;
dec, decrease; tog, together; beg,
beginning; rep, repeat; cont,
continue; patt, pattern.

LEFT FRONT
Thread about one-third of a
packet of beads on a ball of
wool, then with No. 10 needles,
cast on 139 sts. Change to No.
12 needles, K.1 row, then
work as follows—
1st row: Right side, P. 3, *
push up bead to st. hold firmly
with thumb of left hand, p. into
back of next st. (in future re-
ferred to as Bead.) P. 11, rep.
from * ending last rep. with
p.3, instead of p.11.
2nd row: K.
3rd row: Cast off 1 st. K. to
end.

4th row: P. inc. in 1st st.
5th row: Cast off 1 st. p. until
7 sts. on right hand needle.
Bead, p.11, rep. from * ending
with p.10.

6th, 7th and 8th rows: As
2nd, 3rd and 4th rows. As
cont. to work thus, casting off
1 st. at the beg. of the 1st, 3rd,
5th and 7th patt. rows and inc.
1 st. at shoulder edge every 4th
row working in the beads
every 4th row—immediately
above the beads of 8
rows below.

When 117 sts. remain, ending
at the shoulder edge. Cast off
50 sts. on No. 10 needles for
armhole. Work 10 rows in patt.
still casting off 1 st. at lower
edge. Cast off remaining sts.
on No. 10 needles.

RIGHT FRONT
Work as given for the Left
Front but reversing the shapings.

With No. 14 needles pick up
and k. 132 sts. along lower edge
of back. Work in K.1, p.1, rib
for 3 inches. Cast off ribways
with No. 12 needles. Place the
two front lower edges together
about 1/2 inch in from each side
edge and then pick up and k.
132 sts. along the 1/2 inch single
material then through the
double material of both pieces.
Then through the remaining 1/2
inch at other end. Work in rib
for 3 inches, cast off ribways
with No. 12 needles.

TO COMPLETE GARMENT
Join the shoulder seams and
side seams. Face front edges
and armhole edges with bias
binding drawing in the outer
edges lightly. Press the seams.

WELTS
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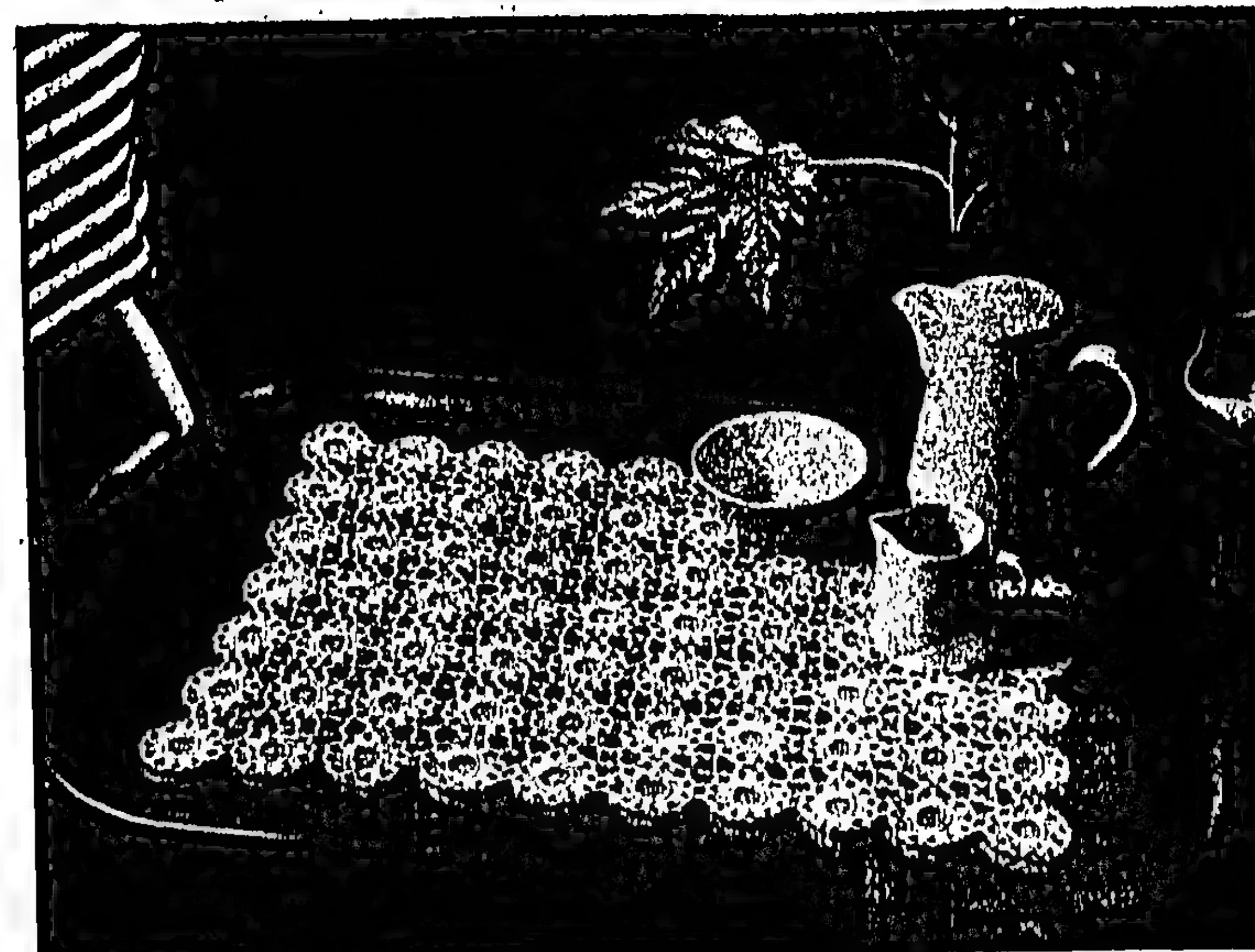
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Daisy Tray Cloth

MATERIALS: Cords Chain
Merced-Crochet No. 20 (20
grm.), 3 balls selected colour.
Milwards Steel Crochet Hook
No. 3. (Slack workers could
use a No. 3 1/2 hook and tight
workers a No. 2 1/2).

TENSION: Size of motif=1 1/4
in. (4.5 cm.).

MEASUREMENTS: 12 1/2 in. x
17 1/2 in. (31 cm. x 44.5 cm.).

ABBREVIATIONS: ch—chain;
ss—slipstitch; dc—double
crochet; dbt tr—double treble;
sp—space.

FIRST MOTIF
Wind thread 12 times round
little finger and remove from
finger.

1st Row: Into ring work 48
dc, 1 as into first dc.

2nd Row: 4 ch, 1 dbt tr into
each of next 3 dc leaving the
last loop of each on hook, thread
over and draw through all loops
on hook (cluster made). * 3
ch, 1 dc into 3rd ch from hook
—picot made) 3 times, a 4 dbt
tr cluster over next 4 dc; repeat
from * ending with (3 ch, 1 dc
into 3rd ch from hook) 3 times, 1
as top of first cluster. Fasten off.

SECOND MOTIF
Work as for first motif until
first row has been completed.

2nd Row: 4 ch, make a cluster
over next 3 dc, 3 ch, 1 dc into
3rd ch from hook, 2 ch, 1 as
into centre picot of any loop on
first motif, 1 ch, 1 dc into first
of 2 ch on second motif, 3 ch,

1 dc into 3rd ch from hook, a
4 dbt tr cluster over next 4 dc,
3 ch, 1 dc into 3rd ch from hook,
2 ch, 1 as into centre picot of
next loop on first motif, 1 ch, 1
dc into first of 2 ch on second
motif, 3 ch, 1 dc into 3rd ch
from hook, complete as for first
motif.

Make 7 rows of 10 motifs
joining adjacent sides as second
motif was joined to first motif,
leaving one loop free between
joinings.

FILL-IN-LACE
Attach thread to centre picot
of free loop on any motif, 1 dc
into same place, (5 ch, 1 dc into
3rd ch from hook, 3 ch, 1 dc
into centre picot of free loop on
next motif) 3 times, 2 ch, picot.
Fill in all sps the same way.
With a needle and thread
weave fill-in-lace in back of
ring on each motif as illustrated.
Damp and press.

FILL-IN-LACE
Attach thread to centre picot
of free loop on any motif, 1 dc
into same place, (5 ch, 1 dc into
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With a needle

A MAN CALLED JOHN KNOX

By George Malcolm Thomson

JUST 400 years ago an unknown man of 43 arrived in Geneva. It was a key event in modern history.

For what John Knox found in Geneva was, in its own way, what Paul found on the road to Damascus. A man and a mission met.

Knox encountered Calvinism, of which Geneva was the citadel. His spirit was stirred by the unbending logic of that intellectual system.

He went back to Scotland and imposed his new creed upon his own people. The Scots have never been the same since.

Knox had a great many stones thrown at him during his life; more have been thrown since his death.

NEW NATION

It has been said that he was fond of the company of women, unlike St. Paul, who was prejudiced against them. Perhaps Knox would have remained quite in the ordinary man if the light had not flashed at Geneva.

But what is relevant, and certain, is that John Knox plus Calvinism added up to a great man. And Scotland, plus John Knox and the philosophy he brought back with him to Edinburgh, added up to a nation more important in the world than its numbers justify.

In the last 13 years of his life Knox tore down the old feudal Scotland and built a new one.

Few nations in history—the Jews by Moses perhaps, the Russians by Lenin—have been so reshaped by one man.

Calvinism has been called narrow and gloomy. Some light has been let into it since then—but it is a religion for men; its essence is the overwhelming sense of the transcendence of God.

It has been called intolerant, a failing of most creeds that are hammered out in an epoch of revolution. It has little patience with mental flabbiness.

THE HINT

BUT by deepening each man's sense of personal responsibility to his Maker Calvinism made him more of an individual, more autonomous.

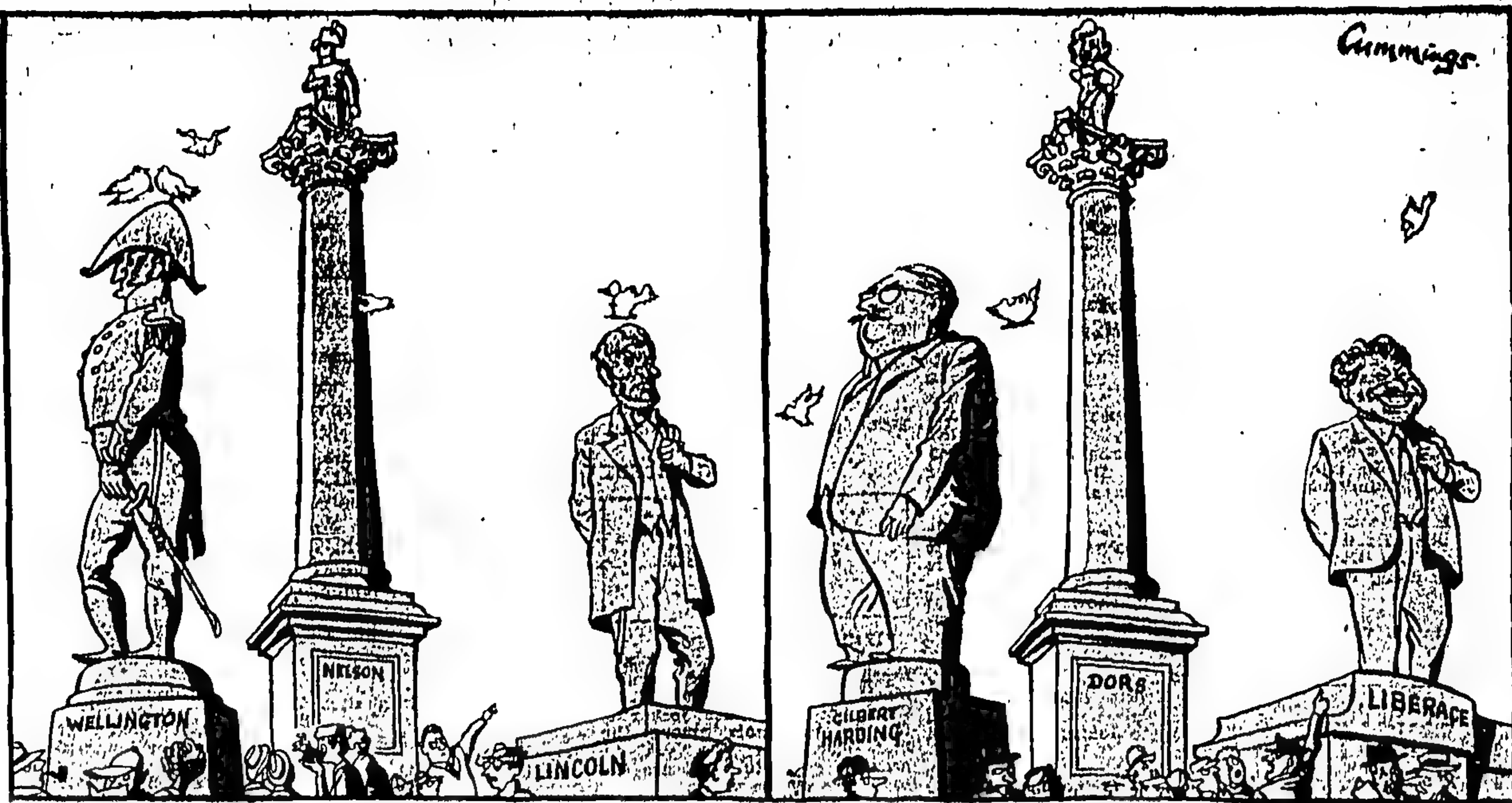
By giving him the task of improving his prospects in the next world, it conveyed the hint that he might also improve them by study, diligence, and business prudence in this one.

This hint the Scots have not been slow to take.

Much of the good and some of the bad in the modern Scotsman—his individualism, his ambition, his tendency to wear his brain on his sleeve—can be traced finally to the revolution made by John Knox.

The seeds of that revolution were sowing in the air of Geneva in 1536.

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WHEN THE HEROES OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY GET THEIR PEDESTALS

MR PINE GETS IN A PICKLE OVER THE JEWS

By ROBERT PITMAN

WHO exactly are the Jewish members of Britain's House of Lords?

And how many other British peers have made themselves rich by marrying into Jewish families?

For you these questions may be fascinating if hardly vital. (Or they may be downright offensive.)

But for one man this week-end they are the questions of the hour.

That man is the aristocracy's full-time Boswell, Leslie Gilbert Pine, editor of Burke's Peerage.

This month his latest book, "Tales of the Aristocracy," is due for publication.

But now, because of the way it answers these questions, it has suddenly been withdrawn. And once more Pine is in the middle of the storm.

This is not the first commotion which has whistled round Leslie Pine.

Since he first got his teeth into the peerage as editor 11 years ago bits of crime have been flying in all directions. Once the men at Burke's led quiet, genteel lives in the shade of family trees. And if any peer or landed gent had a pet story

about how an ancestor had burned cakes with King Alfred or sat on the beach with Canute, it was sure of staying in Burke's.

But not under the rule of Pine. He quickly spotted the trees which had bogus roots. They were weeded out. Soon Pine was moving among the aristocrats with the zeal of a guillotine.

He offended a Major-General Wake by tearing up his claim to be descended from Hereward the Wake.

He spoiled it

HE offended the suffragan bishops by removing them from Burke's Peerage altogether.

He mocked at Prime Minister Attlee for being the biggest peer-maker since George III. (Attlee's score: 98.)

He even, in one work of reference, cut some half-dozen centuries off the line of Halle Selassie by denying him descent from the Queen of Sheba.

Yet his biggest bout was still to come.

So much for the Pine story to date. But what of the unpublished chapter? What of the chapter on the Jewish peers? Why has that given offence?

Pine provides a list of 14 Jewish peers. But their names are already freely available. They are all men who have made no secret of their family and faith. They are:

The Marquis of Reading; Viscounts Samuel and Bearsted; Lords Rothchild, Jessel, Mancroft, Cohen of Walmer, Nathan, Morris of Kenwood, Greenhill, Silkin, Cohen of Birkenhead, Hore-Belisha, Swynnington.

There is no offence in giving these names. Then what is the cause of the strife? Largely, I suspect it is that Pine has gone on to turn up some Christian-Jewish alliances among noble families.

And of course that is a subject which is weighed down by difficulty. And error—and no man is immune to error—could be intensely controversial.

Long forgotten

A FEW alliances of this sort are well known. Such is the union between Earl Mountbatten and his wife, who, of course, is the grandchild of the Jewish financier Sir Ernest Cassel.

Such was the union between the fifth Earl Rosebery (his stated ambition: to marry an heiress, to win the Derby, to become Prime Minister) and the immensely wealthy Hannah Mayer de Rothschild.

But there are many other living peers whose ancestors have married into Jewish families—alliances which have long since been forgotten by the public. Here, according to one Jewish authority, are some:

The Duke of St Albans, the Marquis of Bute; the Viscounts Galway, Gage; the Lords Auckland, Saxe and Sele, Burnham, Foley, Hershell, Melchett, Strachan, Rotherham, Michelham.

Need any Jew be offended if Pine gives information of this kind? Of course not. It is of interest to everyone. The number of Jewish and partly Jewish peers is a measure of the immense contribution which the Jewish community has made to British life.

But what of Leslie Pine himself? Who exactly is he?

He was born 48 years ago in Bristol. He went to a school in Barmston (most famous pupils: Errol Flynn, Leslie Pine). He was a squadron leader during the war. He is a lay-preacher. And he is now a Tory candidate for Bristol (Central)—Socialist majority, 8752.

And the Pines? They did not take root under the Conqueror. Modestly Leslie Pine admits that the first Pine did not arrive from France until 1184.

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William Hickey JUST IN TIME—I STOP A ROYAL SCULPTOR MAKING A BLUNDER

LONDON. I SAVED Royal sculptor Sir William Reid Dick from making a blunder with his new bust of King George VI.

The 78-year-old sculptor in ordinary to the Queen in Scotland showed me the plaster bust in his Malda Vale studio.

It shows the late King in the mantle and collar of the Order of the Thistle. But there was no star of the same order on his left breast.

Said Sir William: "I was going to show the King wearing the Order of the Thistle robes. But the Queen Mother, who commissioned it, could not be sure it was correct. She told me I should consult the Queen."

"Now I have left it out altogether."

But Sir William is wrong. When I telephoned Brigadier Ivor De La Bore, secretary of the Colonial Office, of the Order of the Thistle, to check up on the order, he told me:

"The bust is wrong if it shows the King wearing the mantle and collar without the star of the order on the tunic strap underneath."

"I told Sir William," would drop me a line I shall only be too pleased to send a note to the

Private Secretary, who will get the Queen's final ruling."

Back to Sir William. He said, "I am just going to start on the marble one. It is fortunate we have spotted this in time on the plaster model."

"I shall have to cast a special star now and fix it to the King's tunic."

The new bust will be placed in the Chapel, Balmoral, facing that of the late King's father.

SHRINKING

TROUBLE at the Bolshoi—the dancers are having to be sewn into their dresses.

And the reason: English food. After only a few days on London hotel diets the young girls, I was told, are losing weight.

Their costumes no longer fit. Hence the straitjacket treatment.

The Russians asked the five hotels putting up the ballet company to change the food. Covent Garden's management had been deluged with complaints.

The fried foods were the trouble. So now the menu is to be boiled beef and potatoes. And only English food—corn flakes, of which the Russians

At the full dress rehearsal for "Swan Lake," hurried alterations were being made to the dresses of the "cypriotes," who were a bit more slyph-like than the Russians wanted.

50 BOWLERS

MR ALEXANDER L. HILLMAN, 84-year-old Special Consultant in Foreign Affairs to the Republican Party Committee, flew out of London for the Continent wearing his 50th bowler.

He told me: "I just can't resist bowlers. The only trouble is that I haven't got the courage to wear them in New York."

"There is one old brown bowler which I wear every morning driving from my home to the office. My chauffeur says it looks swell—but when we get to the office my nerve goes, and I leave it on the seat of the car."

OFF THE PEG

BACK into business comes the Queen's milliner, Angelo Tharup.

The man, who became bankrupt last year and had to move out of Mayfair, is opening a new shop in Chelsea.

The owner of his last black and white shop, shop open on the 1st of October.

Danish-born, 50-year-old Tharup told me: "It's NOT a boutique, but a shop with ready-to-wear, off-the-peg hats from three to eight guineas."

A far cry from the headwear he provided for members of the Royal Family.

RECORD TALK

WELL, TV may have the cinema moguls trembling in their seats, but it certainly hasn't affected Britain's gramophone record companies.

I went along to see 55-year-old Mr Ted Lewis, who is celebrating his 25th anniversary as boss of a record-making company which pulled in £1,730,000 profit last year.

And to what does he contribute this continuing success? "The 78 r.p.m.," said Mr Lewis in his office high above the Oval cricket ground, "is still the backbone of the industry in this country. And it's likely to remain so."

"Yes," I know, my firm produced the long-playing record which Britain and the other type stands supreme.

"The reason is simple. Who buys records? The young ones. They are the people who keep us busy; they are the fans and the enthusiasts, and they

want the latest number recorded by a favourite star. They don't want to wait years until all his numbers are put together on an L.P."

"The young people can afford records. Their parents can't. Their parents are weighed down by tax and paying for their children. How many professional people of your acquaintance are record collectors?"

"In America, of course," he said. "It's different. There a man like Liberace appealing to the middle-aged women can make a success of his records, because in America middle-aged women buy records. They don't here."

"Look at the gay 'sleeves' in which discs are wrapped these days. We are even competing in that field now."

"I don't really believe people buy a record because it's prettily wrapped. But," he shrugged his shoulders, "they tell me we sell more if the 'sleeve' is good."

"There are countries where the 'sleeve' is still made of brown paper and where long-players and hi-fi are unheard of. That's where our big new markets lie."

"Out there," he said, looking over the rain-wet London roofs from his window, "our library is the under-developed continent of the world. In Africa, in Asia,

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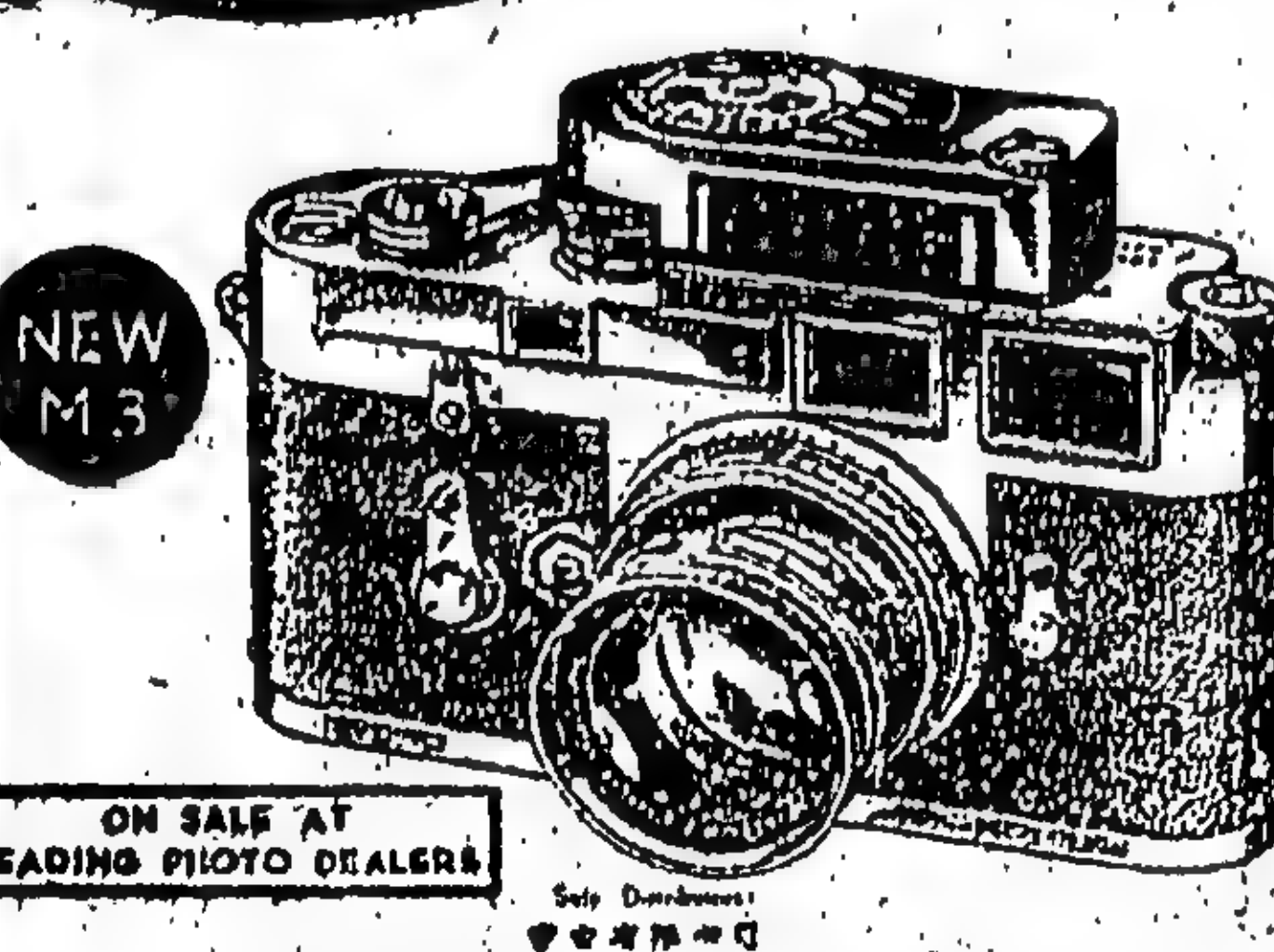
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WYNDHAM STREET

POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"It doesn't give the actual score, darling, but as far as I can make out Nasser's still about fifteen clutches behind but four moves ahead!"

BING CROSBY WRITES A CANDID CONFESSION

I HAD a letter this week from Bing Crosby. It is a remarkable letter—a letter which will provoke comment wherever the name Crosby is known, and will be quoted and commented upon around the world.

For in this letter Bing, "The Old Grinner," sets out some

of the mellow, good-natured philosophy of his life and his work.

Crosby has known more success than anyone else in the popular field—and now he explains how he feels about the other side of success.

His letter to me is prompted by my remarks in a column not long ago about the inimitable Crosby being inimitable no longer.

In fact I said some of his imitators, like Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, and Dave King, seemed to be doing better than the original.

Bing Crosby read my comments and this is what he has to say...

"I've stretched a talent so thin it is almost opaque."

Hayden Lake, Idaho.

Dear Cyril,

SOMEONE, identity undisclosed, sent me a copy of your column—the one you did recently entitled "Is Bing Going Out—Or Has He Gone?"

I'm afraid, Cyril, the letter of your query has to be answered humbly. I'm a "long gone" but, as you may know, I'm not too depressed about it.

It really, I think I've succeeded a little, which I am proud of, but I'm a little over a quarter of a century out of the business and I'm not really and the fact that I'm out of the business is a little more obvious.

I just can't say it well as I used to, and there's a pretty good reason for that too. I'm just as enthusiastic as I used to be, but the fact is, I'm not here, the desire to sing, to be in

again, and when this is absent, so is the style.

MY INSPIRATION

I DON'T think increasing age has got anything to do with it, or that the pipes are getting rusty. I believe voice quality is very little to do with the public acceptance of a popular singer. It's the style, the mood they create that puts them over.

And as far as my being inimitable is concerned, it seems to me that that's a word that is much misused these days. Inimitable in show business has come to mean something unusual or unusual. Certainly nothing is literally inimitable—most of all me.

I've always thought that my singing style was a result of listening to Johnson and to Ethel Waters.

I'm interested to both of these people an awful lot and to countless others too—listened to them first when I was young and I suppose some of the stars of today have listened to me and other people to a similar extent, and such influence is hard to ignore. But really I'm all unconscious and involuntary, and I've never heard anyone that I thought sounded exactly like me, and if he did, I wouldn't think it was because I sounded like so many other

MY BIG HOPE

AFTER a game of golf the other day, I had a thought. I was having a "obby for the boys" in the bar. We got a few new boys and were reminiscing about the old days, and I said: "Bing would, you know, be 21 and live through it all once more!" And I said: "No man, now I could never be so lucky again."

I'm a little over a quarter of a century out of the business and I'm not really and the fact that I'm out of the business is a little more obvious.

I just can't say it well as I used to, and there's a pretty good reason for that too. I'm just as enthusiastic as I used to be, but the fact is, I'm not here, the desire to sing, to be in

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now and again, and I'll always be hopeful that some day I can get another hit record that will give me a total of 20 which have sold over a million.

Thanks again, Cyril, for your interest, and all my warmest regards to you and your readers.

As ever,
BING CROSBY

THE TOP TEN HITS THIS WEEK

CYRIL STAPLETON resumes his authentic and authoritative charting of popular music record sales. He details the up-to-the-minute jockeying for the top spots among the best-sellers and so gives an accurate guide to what are the best buys of the week.

...and here they are—

- 1 "LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS," Anne Shelton (Philips).
- 2 "WHATEVER WILL BE, WILL BE," Doris Day (Philips).
- 3 "ROCKIN' THROUGH THE RYE," Bill Haley Comets (Brunswick).
- 4 "HOUND DOG," Elvis Presley (H.M.V.).
- 5 "WOMAN IN LOVE," Frankie Laine (Philips).
- 6 "YING TONG SONG," "BLOODSUCKER'S ROCK 'N' ROLL CALL," Goons (Decca).
- 7 "BRING A LITTLE WATER SYLVIE," "DEAD OR ALIVE," Lonnie Donegan (Cape-Nixa).
- 8 "GREAT PRETENDER," "GIDDY UP - A - DING - DONG," Freddy Bell and the Bellboys (Mercury).
- 9 "WALK HAND IN HAND," Tony Martin (H.M.V.).
- 10 "ONLY YOU," Platters (Mercury).

Stapleton: This Is My Reply

THAT is what Bing Crosby has to say. My comments...

1. He is over-modest. 2. He can talk such style to give points to everyone else. 3. He's a happy sounding singer whose good humour is shown in his songs as much as in his writing.

1. His latest long-playing album in which he sings together with Sinatra from the film "High Society" is a top seller in America today.

4. His brother and manager Larry Crosby says: "We don't think Bing is either going—or gone. He loves to sing too much." Agreed.

MR NICHOLS HIDES IN THE BUSHES

—When he sees his first Eucryphia

George Malcolm Thomson on BOOKS

SUNLIGHT ON THE LAWN. By Beverly Nichols. Cape. 16s. 255 pages.

EVERY 10 years Beverly Nichols sells a house. A house with a garden which he has made beautiful with his own gloved hands, plus some help with the rough work. A house about which, taking his gloves off, he has profitably written books.

By the time Nichols sells a house it is of no further use to him as a literary property. In 1936, he sold Allways, a cottage in Huntingdonshire, which was the inspiration of "Down The Garden Path" and made £23,000 for him in royalties.

In 1940, he sold 1, Ellerdale Close, Hampstead ("Green Gables The City"). And in the summer of 1956, he put up for sale Merry Hall at Ashted, "in a quiet position, amidst delightful rural surroundings... The exquisite gardens are a great feature." (House agents' advertisement).

Heads of "Merry Hall" and now of "Sunlight On The Lawn" will not need to be told whose gloved hands made "the exquisite gardens."

Strong opinions In his time, Beverly Nichols has had several strong, but brief, opinions. He had a flirtation with Nazism, a brush with the Oxford Group, an elopement with Pacifism ("I would rather fight under the white flag than the Union Jack") was followed by an estrangement. But in gardening he has remained faithful.

To him it has been hobby, consolation and asset. "Salt the intoxicating scent of the earth and you won't want a cocktail." And, when war came: "It is a nice thought that Hitler has no power over a snowdrop."

At an early date (1935) he found in himself strong affinities with the botanic side of life: "Winter Sweet seems to like me very much... It waves its long thin fingers at me every winter, and they are jewelled with tiny rings, etc. etc."

He responded with a like passion. He stooped to crime: Once in a greenhouse at Kew he stole a cutting: "Surely it did not matter, taking one... especially when I could provide it with such a happy home."

There is a moment described in "Sunlight On The Lawn," when Nichols, calling on Lord Aberconway, owner of the world-famous garden at Bodnant, had just rung the bell. Then he glanced over his shoulder and saw his first Eucryphia!

So shattering

"The impact was so shattering that it would have been quite impossible to go in and meet the family, and make polite conversation, until one had got one's breath."

So Mr Nichols hid in a rhododendron bush, to the bewilderment of Lord Aberconway's butler, until his emotional storm had subsided.

Fascinated by the Nichols style, waving its long, thin fingers, jewelled with tiny rings, overcame by the frankness of his confessions ("I may at times have dabbed a little paint on one of the lilies or heightened the flush on the cheek of a rose"),

the careless reader, the flush on his own cheeks heightened by embarrassment, may overlook the most important fact about a Nichols book.

It is the work of a very shrewd man. Nichols knows what he is doing, knows how far he can go, and knows when the little smile of self-mockery is needed to save his prose from complete mawkishness.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK: DAUGHTER OF QUEEN VICTORIA. By Richard Barkeley Macmillan. 30s. 322 pages. Queen Victoria could not forget that the Crown Princess of Prussia (later Empress Frederick) was her daughter. The Empress could not forget that she was English. Bismarck could not forget, forgive—either one fact or the other. The outcome was a dynastic quarrel and a tragedy of personal frustration. Richard Barkeley tells the sad story brilliantly.

I KICKED HER IN THE BUSTLE

SAID GEORGE MOORE

GM: Memories of George Moore. By Nancy Cunard. Rupert Hart-Davis. 25s. 206 pages.

plump, naughty and talented writer who was in love with her mother and whom she knew from schoolroom days.

Yet the reader cannot help wondering how often, under how many windows in Paris, George Moore had stopped, with some attractive young friend, and said, "Yes, it was there!" For he was a dedicated man—and the twin objects of his devotion were the pursuit of women and the invention of stories.

Literary luck

Nancy Cunard, in an affectionate book (occasionally precious in an old-fashioned way) rebuilds, in a series of anecdotes, Moore's wayward personality. Thus she may help to bring his books back to favour. It takes a writer's reputation 30 years to recover from his death. So another seven years, must pass before Moore's posthumous literary luck is likely to turn.

His style is too careful, too smooth, too polished for modern taste. The subjects he chose do not as a rule interest a new generation. His prejudices have a faded look. Even his famous naughtiness hardly shocks.

Yet "Hall and Farewell" a three-volume account of Moore's adventures in the Irish Literary Renaissance, is one of the most gaily malicious autobiographies of the century.

Hearing that his native Ireland was in the throes of a revival of her letters, Moore rushed to Dublin where he collaborated in a play with W. B. Yeats, who looked "like a large rolled-up umbrella left behind by some picnic party."

The play, on an ancient Irish theme, was to be in the Irish language which neither Moore nor Yeats knew. Moore decided he would write it more easily in French. Yeats agreed enthusiastically.

Light came

From French it would be turned into English by Lady Gregory, then into Irish by an expert named Tugue O'Donoghue; back into Irish-English by Lady Gregory. After that, Yeats "would put style into it."

Moore laboured hard at his patriotic task until one day a lion finished. "What a damned fool a clever man like Yeats can be when he is in the mood!"

In truth, between Moore and Ireland a great gulf yawned. Ireland was—and is—patriotic; Moore had been a young man in Paris who liked the society of attractive women and liked, after the affair to talk about it to other attractive women.

Tired of being kept dangling by one brilliant and adored creature whom he had met at a banquet in the Savoy Hotel, the frustrated author behaved impulsively.

"I lifted my foot and kicked her while we were walking and arguing in the park. I will say it was nearly dark and the park almost deserted. I kicked her in the behind—in the bush, if you prefer—and, of course, after that..."

The guest

Nancy Cunard's memories of this egotistical yet attractive Irishman begin at the time when he used to stay as a guest at her family's vast house in London. There he kicked her pet dog while showing off his dancing ("I was a dab as the Boston two-step") and went country walks with her in bowler hat, button boots with the laces showing, and an umbrella.

Nancy Cunard has displayed a quaint and delightful sense of humour. For those who seek George Moore, the writer, his books are waiting to be taken down, dusted and read.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Just A Sandwich

BY HARRY WEINERT



THE FRIED-EGG OR SQUIRTY SANDWICH SHOULD BE EATEN IN THE GREAT WIDE OPEN SPACES.



"HOW ABOUT A BALONEY AND CHEESE SANDWICH WITH MUSTARD AND CHOCOLATE SAUCE?"

ROCK 'N' ROLL SPECIAL.



THE AFTER-THE-SWIM SANDWICH OF HAM, CHICKEN, TOMATO, CUCUMBER, CHEESE, LETTUCE AND MAYONNAISE—THIS SHOULD ONLY BE ATTEMPTED BY PEOPLE WHO CAN UNSHIP THEIR LOWER JAW.

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LIMBURGER AND ONION EXPERT—THE ORIGINAL ISOLATION BOOTH BOY



DON'T PEEP

THERE'S NO SENSE IN LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.



WITH COCKTAIL PARTY SANDWICHES, THE ONLY THING TO DO IS WATCH YOUR CHANCE AND GRAB A HANDFUL.



THE HEAVY-DUTY SANDWICH, COMPOSED OF ONE LOAF AND READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—MEAT, GARLIC AND CHEESE



"I'LL HAVE A HOT SOUP SANDWICH!"

THE ONE WHO IS CONVINCED THE ONLY WAY TO COMBAT HOT WEATHER IS TO FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Special Cash Sweep on the Kwangtung Handicap Monday, 15th October, 1956. Over 1,800,000 tickets sold to date.

The Sale of Cash Sweep Tickets on the above will close on 15th October, 1956 as follows:—

882, Nathan Road, Kowloon, at 6.00 p.m.

5 D'Aguiar Street, at 7.00 p.m.

Queen's Building, Ground Floor, Chater Road, at 8.00 p.m.

The Draw will be held in the Public Betting Hall at the Race Course, at 10.00 a.m. on Monday, 15th October, 1956.

By Order of the Stewards, PEAT, MARWICK, MITCHELL & CO. Treasurers.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Programmes and Entry Forms for the 2nd Race Meeting 1956/57 to be held on Saturday 27th October, 1956, (weather permitting) may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House; the Club House, Happy Valley; and the Stables, Shaan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Wednesday 17th October, 1956.

By Order of the Stewards, A. E. ARNOLD, Secretary.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

FIRST RACE MEETING

Saturday 13th and Monday 15th October, 1956.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 22 RACES.

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on the 1st Day.

On the 2nd Day the First Bell will be rung at 11.30 a.m. and the First Race run at 12.00 Noon. The Tiffin interval is after the Fourth Race (1.30 p.m.).

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on the 1st Day and at 10.00 a.m. on the 2nd Day.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road only on the written introduction of a Member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tiffins will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Boy (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$44.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, Chater Road, and 5, D'Aguiar Street during normal office hours and until 10.00 a.m. on the First Day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservations for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 12th October, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Kwangtung Handicap scheduled to be run on 15th October, 1956, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS and TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENT WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tipsters, etc., will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,

A. E. ARNOLD, Secretary.

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

TUESDAY'S CANCELLATION WAS BLATANT BETRAYAL OF OUR FOOTBALL FANS

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

The blatant betrayal of the Hongkong football public by those responsible for the iniquitous last minute cancellation of the All-Hongkong-Malaya match on Tuesday after tickets had been pre-sold underlines once again the utter disregard shown by some football officials for those who do so much to support the game in the Colony.

People who are in complete ignorance of the circumstances are saying harsh and hard things about the Hongkong Football Association. Such criticism is completely unjustified for the HKFA had nothing whatsoever to do with the cancellation of the game and in fact many of its Councillors got their first inkling of the whole affair through the newspapers.

Quite apart from the ethics of this unwarranted breach of trust with the public, the action of the CAAAF officials was a grave discourtesy to the parent association which it had previously asked to select the team for the occasion.

According to the information at my disposal—and I have every reason to believe it is accurate—the decision to cancel the game, and so allow the visiting Malayan side to depart immediately for Taiwan was made on Monday at a late night meeting of some CAAAF officials, at which incidentally there was strong opposition to the proposal.

It is also important to know that not all officials concerned in the management of the Malayan series were called to the meeting and I understand that at least one gentleman who was omitted has not hesitated to state his disapproval at the way he eventually heard of the cancellation.

It has been reported that the meeting also discussed the possibility of an alternative date being arranged for the game when the Malayan side eventually returned from Taiwan. Such a discussion, if it did in fact follow the lines that have been suggested, is one more good reason why the HKFA should feel aggrieved that it has been taken much too easily for granted.

The Hongkong Football Association is the internationally recognised controlling body of the game in this Colony. All-Hongkong representative sides are selected only by the HKFA and it alone has the right to say where and when its teams will take the field. The official 1956-57 season is now in progress and all the top-class players are duly registered with the FA: it is therefore a totally unjustified liberty for any other body to attempt to make decisions or promises on its behalf, or even to obligate the parent body to any commitment where a refusal—right or wrong as it might be—would cause the FA to suffer embarrassment and inevitable criticism.

It is to be hoped that the HKFA will not accept the situation lightly. It should also give full regard to the heavy domestic programme of games which already confronts its players before agreeing to participate in what has become nothing more than a game of downright financial convenience. If you can think of a better name for it, I'd be glad to hear it.

If there had been bells tied to the ankles of the spectators at the Ho Ho Cup game last Saturday we could have had a magnificent tinny-sounding recital during the second half when the fans were having their legs well and truly pulled by a Hongkong side that, having scored five times before the interval, made poor second half actors.

A BIT TOO MUCH

With such a substantial lead the local boys made virtually no attempt to increase it after the interval. It is easy to understand players easing off a little, but when one saw star forwards like Yiu Cheuk-yin and Ho Cheung-yun retreating to the stage when they were literally treading on the toes of their own full-backs... it was a bit too much. There are soccer circumstances when these

tactics might be necessary, but not on this occasion: the Malayan side was so poor that if Hongkong had continued its early efforts it could have made the Caroline Hill scoreboard look like the one at Chater Road.

I have frequently paid compliments to Mr Mak Young-fai whom I have always regarded as our outstanding Chinese referee, but he gets few good marks for his handling of one of the games in the Malayan series at Caroline Hill last week-end.

He made fundamental mistakes that one hardly expected from a referee of his experience.

The first one was his failure to take any action when the Malayan goalkeeper turned out in a black shirt. This was in constant conflict with the dark blue jerseys of the Hongkong team, a feature which was also noticeable in relation to Mr Mak's own black jacket. Twice during the game he received near passes from Hongkong players who in the speed of the game obviously mistook him for a colleague.

As a matter of interest Mr Mak might like to hear the comments of a British referee who was asked recently how he always managed to avoid clashing with the colours of the two teams in the matches which he handled. Here is his reply. "It is a matter which I have considered at great length and as a result, I always carry two reversible shirts in my bag. The first is black on one side and white on the other while the second one has a similar arrangement in Khaki and neutral grey."

A referee should always be in a position to dress himself in such a way that he is readily identifiable on the field... and that goes for his stockings too. A referee who wears stockings similar to those of either of the competing sides is as unhelpful as one who wears a shirt that clashes with the players and my kit always contains three assorted pairs. Of course it shakes my bag a little heavier but I think it's worth it."

Mr Mak's second blunder was in allowing play to continue when the crowd encroached on the playing pitch on their way to shelter.

The situation was, for a time, quite fantastic. We had the astonishing spectacle of seeing the Malayan right back doing a nifty dribble round several spectators before clearing the ball downfield. Hundreds of fans raced from the open terraces towards the covered stands to seek shelter from the rain and many of them took the shortest possible route... across the playing pitch. The referee allowed the game to proceed... and quite apart from the soccer unacceptability of such a situation... it caused considerable embarrassment to the police who could not enter the field of play while play was in progress.

Black marks... Mr Mak... several of them.

Sailing In Little Boats Is Now The Sport Of Million Britons

BEST SEASON EVER—DESPITE THE WEATHER

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

WARNER CRESSWELL

By Archie Quick

Someone once said to me: "Warner Cresswell gets his wages by false pretences. He just walks through a match, and not many yards at that. I have never seen him perspire."

Quite true the blonde-headed English International full back always allowed mind to triumph over matter. His anticipation was so brilliant that he never had to run far for a tackle or exert himself in his constructive clearances. This was brought to mind when I met the great man himself, but, sadly enough, he was looking for a job.

BIGGEST MISTAKE

Sunderland made the biggest mistake of their life when they let go to Everton this player whom they had bought from South Shields for £2,500—a then League record. That was in 1926, and changing over from right to left back, he led the Everton club to the Second Division and First Division Championships in successive seasons, captained them to win the Cup the following year, and, in addition, helped himself to twelve more England "caps."

Sunderland got back what they paid for him, but they lost a great player who could have been worth much more than £2,500 to them. As a manager he was not a success; as a coach he was not a success. The reason being, of course, that there was something in his genius that cannot be taught. He was a natural art, the same as Stanley Matthews' and Maurice Tate was similarly not a successful coach. Tate's skill, like Cresswell's, was inherent. In other words, they simply did not know how they did it. That could be the reason why I met Warner the other day looking for a job!

SPORTS QUIZ

1. List these Wimbledon Champions in the order in which they won their titles: Jack Kramer, Fred Perry, Donald Budge, and Jean Borotra.
2. Anagrams. Unravel these personalities: NEIDS DORTKIN, SLEANTY, S M E A H T M, CHARIE ROEOM.
3. To whom did Joe Louis lose his world heavyweight title, Rocky Marciano, Ezzard Charles or Jersey Joe Walcott?
4. What Olympic title did A.F. de Silva win at Helsinki?
5. With what sports do you associate the following: Ronnie Moore, Eric Shirley, and Peter Burge?
6. In what sports would you (a) tack (b) feather (c) garry?
7. Nationalities please - of the following athletes: Fritz Hermann, Audygon Boyen, Dave Sime and Gunner Nelson.
8. What is the relationship between the Princess of Monaco and America's sculling champion?
9. Who won the world motor racing championship this year, Mike Hawthorn, Juan Fangio, Peter Collins or Karl Kling?
10. Which county was second in the English County Cricket Championship this year? (Answers See Page 17)

BRITAIN'S biggest-ever sailing season has virtually ended as owners have hauled up their boats to beat the marine insurance men. Rates rocketed after the last day of September.

As the yachts are cradled away for the winter, club secretaries around the coast, from the Clyde to the Crouch, report that more men, women and children sailed this year than any season before, despite the weather.

The total numbers owning, crewing or intimately interested in boats may top the million mark.

What was a minority sport for rich men between the wars

has dropped into the working man's financial brackets, mainly because of the mass-produced sailing dinghy.

Between the end of the war and 1951 the number of officially recognised sailing clubs in Britain had doubled to 503 on the Yacht Racing Association's files.

Every season since new names have been added. After meetings this autumn and winter the 700 total should be reached.

Not all sailing has stopped until the first gusts of the new season next May. Some hardy enthusiasts plan week-end racing on inland waterways and quays, copying what the Americans call "frost-biting."

Others will be building new boats in backyards and garages. They draw on the experience and experiments of great designers like Uffa Fox, friend of Prince Philip, who has done more than any man to bring sailing within reach of the man in the street.

THE LENGTH Before the war the enthusiast could calculate on spending £1 per foot on his new craft in overall length. The price today is six times that.

But another rough-and-ready sailing adage has not changed. The ideal size of boat is one foot of length for every year of the owner's age.

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SPORTS ROUNDABOUT

THERE'S GOING TO BE A VERY SERIOUS SHORTAGE OF REFEREES WITHIN SIX YEARS

By DAVID JACK

Be prepared for a Football League swoop on clubs with inferior floodlighting. Frequent complaints have been made by referees who feel unable to follow play accurately on certain grounds.

Cheap lighting systems are bad enough for friendly fixtures, but when vital League points are at stake the situation becomes intolerable.

Chelsea scored a "goal" through the side netting in a friendly floodlit game at Luton recently. But Luton are by no means the worst offenders.

HOME SOCCER FIXTURES

Following are the Home soccer fixtures for today.

First Division	
Aston Villa	Newcastle
Blackpool	Preston
Bolton	West Brom
Cardiff	Wolves
Everton	Sheff Wed
Leeds	Sheff Sat
Luton	Birmingham
Manchester C	Burnley
Manchester U	Blackburn
Tottenham	Sheff Utd
Wolves	Portsmouth
Second Division	
Barnsley	Bristol R
Blackburn	Leyton
Bolton	Liverpool
Cardiff	Hillway
Everton	Gillingham
Leeds	Sheff Sat
Luton	Sheff Wed
Manchester C	Sheff Utd
Manchester U	Sheff Utd
Tottenham	Sheff Utd
Wolves	Sheff Utd
Third Division (South)	
Crystal Palace	Swindon
Colchester	Bournemouth
Coventry	Hullway
Derby	Gillingham
Exeter	Sheff Sat
Grimsby	Sheff Wed
Leeds	Sheff Utd
Luton	Sheff Utd
Manchester C	Sheff Utd
Manchester U	Sheff Utd
Tottenham	Sheff Utd
Wolves	Sheff Utd
Third Division (North)	
Crewe	Harrogate
Barnsley	Accrington
Bolton	York
Cardiff	Sheff Sat
Everton	Sheff Wed
Leeds	Sheff Utd
Luton	Sheff Utd
Manchester C	Sheff Utd
Manchester U	Sheff Utd
Tottenham	Sheff Utd
Wolves	Sheff Utd
Scottish League "A"	
Aberdeen	Aberdeen
Falkirk	Falkirk
Heart of Midlothian	Heart of Midlothian
Kilmarnock	Kilmarnock
Queen of Scots	Queen of Scots
Rangers	Rangers
St. Johnstone	St. Johnstone
St. Mirren	St. Mirren
St. Peter's	St. Peter's
St. Young's	St. Young's
Thistle	Thistle
West of Scotland	West of Scotland
Wolves	Wolves
Scottish League "B"	
Aberdeen	Aberdeen
Falkirk	Falkirk
Heart of Midlothian	Heart of Midlothian
Kilmarnock	Kilmarnock
Queen of Scots	Queen of Scots
Rangers	Rangers
St. Johnstone	St. Johnstone
St. Mirren	St. Mirren
St. Peter's	St. Peter's
St. Young's	St. Young's
Thistle	Thistle
West of Scotland	West of Scotland
Wolves	Wolves



● GERRY HITCHES, Cardiff City's bright young forward star, is wanted by Bolton Wanderers. But the Burnley Park club, ready to spend the fees received for Johnny Wheeler and Malcolm Barras, have twice been told "No" by the Welsh club.

At least half a dozen clubs have dinner lights, one, in fact, boasts that their installation cost only £800.

TOO TRUE! Alf Young, former Huddersfield and England, centre half now coaching Danish club Kug, was in Dublin last week as Denmark's international team coach.

I asked Alf if he fancied returning to English soccer. "I cannot understand why any man would want the heartaches and headaches of an English manager's job," he replied.

Many other distinguished internationalists agree—proof that the whole business of club control wants reviewing.

Arthur Rowe will soon be back in big-time soccer but with which club? I would bet against a Highbury job for the former Spurs manager.

There is going to be a very serious shortage of good class referees within six years. That is the pessimistic forecast of one of England's leading referees.

London E.A. has 120 fewer recruits than a year ago; Middlesex F.A. is more than 100 down, and the position is no better in other parts of the country.

Spurs and Everton are usually reckoned to be soccer's wealthiest clubs, but can you name the poorest?

Crystal Palace and Derby County have the sort of overdrafts that make a Chancellor of the Exchequer wince!

Everton chairman, Dick Scarle tells me his club has no intention at present of appointing a managerial successor to Cliff Britton.

Other club managers, working on the assumption that Everton are doing a man out of a job, make no secret of their delight at the Goodison club's League struggle.

SHOOTING STARS The All Stars XI go from strength to strength. West stop will be international fixtures against their counterparts on the Continent. It's bet Peter Doherty could teach Ferenc Puskas a trick or two.

By the way, Bob Jackson, who arranges fixtures for the All Stars XI, notes that a few of the Scotland wing-half Bill Shankly his brightest and finest "boy."

Dermot Curtis, Shelbourne centre-forward, is the most wanted player in Irish football. In successive weeks he's been tied against Billy Wright and George Young—and given them both a tough 90 minutes.

Curtis impressed Cliff Britton (Preston North End) and Frank Osborne (Fulham) recently. And against Denmark in the World Cup, he got his first Euro cap. That should add £5,000 to his transfer fee.

SO POPULAR So successful has the European Cup become, it is on the cards that the Cup-winner's trophy will be the League champions of each European nation will compete in future.

If the FA Cup-winner survived only one round in the European competition, it would be equivalent to adding £5,000 to the Wimbledon take-off. And that would upset the Football League!

THAT ANTHEM Follow-up to my recent story about the non-playing of a National Anthem in Dublin. A letter from that fair city signed by J. L. Boland.

Writes Mr Boland: "It has been the accepted custom here, and I believe even on the far side, to play only the home national anthems at big sporting events."

My answer, with due respect, is " rubbish!" Denmark had the normal courtesy paid to them at Daymount Park.

To Play Golf And Enjoy It You Don't Have To Know The Language

Says BOB FERRIER

We banana-ed it into the jaggles from the gipsy, used the leather mashie, then lanned it with timber and boxed it with the jerking iron for a tray. We spent out of town with the harpoon and the porter dropped the gladstone and scampered.

No Ethers and Scombe and Milligan chattering, but merely the game of golf, and its impedimenta, as she might be played around the caddy room.

Translation?—We hooked into rough from the tee, kicked the ball on to a good lie, hit it on to the green with a wood shot, then putted into the hole for a score of three.

2—"We went out of bounds with a spoon shot and the caddy dropped the bag and quit."

Pictureque speech and patter has reached such a pitch with caddies and with some of the younger professionals that phrase-books will soon be packed in every golf bag.

BIZARRE NAMES
Caddies, of course, are a strange romany breed. Like prize-fight managers, they never collect a blow struck in anger, but always they are in there punching and pitching with the best of them. Like prize-fight managers, and not to mention royalty and editors, they use nothing but the exclusive and collective "we."

They have bizarre names like Mack the Knife, Jaffu Wingo and Man Friday. They travel expensively over hundreds of miles at minimum

cost. And they have a flow of language more than somewhat fanciful. The most prominent interpreters of the dialogue—a compound of Cockney rhyming slang and Americanisms—are Tony Harman, the Royal Berkshire assistant, and Peter Mills, of West Hill.

So, with acknowledgment to that well-known double act, Harman and Mills, I present Ferrer's thesaurus of words and phrases, intended to offer a lighter side to the whole dire fearsome business of pursuing the putt.

Wooden clubs are respectively the Lady Godiva, the Lancashire Lassie and The Harpoon, known collectively as timber. Going through the irons we have Deuce, Tray, Roff, Beesey, Tom Mix, Pennies From, and Garden Gate. This can also apply to the score you make on a hole.

The putter is the Dabster or Jerking Iron. The bag is the Case or Gladstone. The caddy is the Caddy, Slave or Porter. A trolley is a Steel Jockey. The teeing ground is the Gipsy Lee Sward, or Lawn.

The "Leather Mashie" is the one that paralyzes me. When a ball is imbedded in rough, and

the caddy surreptitiously improves the lie with the edge of his boot, that is using the Leather Mashie. Of course, I don't suggest that it is ever done. Certainly not.

Golfers themselves do not escape the blunt edge of this wit. Arthur Lees is "Cloga," Charlie Ward is "Whippet," Harman is "Chunky," Peter Allis the "Blueboy," Harry

Bradshaw "See-saw" and Tom Halliburton, of Westworth, is "The Dean of Old Windsor."

WHOLESALE
There is a course of lessons from Messrs Harman and Mills I can get for you—wholesale. But promise not to use it with-



Bradshaw "See-saw" and Tom Halliburton, of Westworth, is "The Dean of Old Windsor."

in a hundred miles of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St Andrews.

And do not worry. To play golf and enjoy it, you do not HAVE to know the language. (London Express Service). (COPYRIGHT)

'Widow' Took Up Golf Game In Self-Defence

Mrs Marley Spearman, in coffee-coloured slacks (coffee-with-cream, that is) plus red and white shirt striped to match the Regency wallpaper (on two walls only, my dear) subsided into the cushioned comfort of her Marble Arch Mews flat and told me the story of her life.

Well, her golfing life.

Mrs Spearman, be it first known, is or has been Middlesex champion, South-eastern Counties champion, a Worpleston finalist ("two up, five to play, and beaten on the last green") and an English Closed semi-finalist at Hunstanton the other week.

There are also some who won't make a big thing of it, eh?

BIG DAY
Coffee time. Enter "right, husband busy, busting. He confessed to being a "poor six" himself, offered me an American cigarette, found a place for himself in the thicket of pots, tankards, spoons, medals, trophies—the spoils of three years' tournament success—and took up the Spearman saga.

The next stage was the first public appearance on any golf course. One Sunday morning he was due to play a four-some, took the lady to Croydon municipal for company and to let her see how it was done, and, as you have guessed, the four were only three. A fateful absenteeism.

There was a quick consultation, much whispering behind hands.

Eventually the low man, handicapped 14, said: "But of course she must play." The lady, Mrs

The lady explained: "One day I was out shopping and popped into a store and took a half-hour lesson. Rather fun. The man there, afterwards, said something about practice."

"So next I popped up to Regent's Park to see Mr. Holdright."

"He asked what club I would like. He gave me what I eventually realised was an eight iron, and withdrew. Off I went, hacking and harpooning away for an hour. Jolly good fun."

The lady was once in musical comedy. I did not ask the lady's age. But I did ask the fairly obvious question and she said: "I suppose singing and dancing and cavorting round a stage did help with concentration and moving the old bod, but you

SALES SHOW OUR BREEDERS SHOULD KEEP GOOD MARES

By RICHARD BAERLEIN

London.

The 1956 yearling sales are now over, and the results have exceeded the expectations of even the most optimistic breeder. The averages throughout the season are only slightly down on last year—buyers have not been put off by political situations or financial restrictions.

The fact that at least four individual owners were prepared to go to five figures for the Court Martial colt out of Refreshed shows just how strong the market really is if the proper article is offered.

Mr Gerald Askew has done the bloodstock industry of the British Isles a great service by buying Refreshed against all foreign competition.

He has got half his money back at the first time of asking, and with ordinary luck the mare—instead of proving one of the most expensive of all time—as was suggested when he bought her—will actually prove one of the greatest bargains.

SNAPPED UP

Unfortunately, too many breeders put some of their best mares on the market at a time when prices appeared to be high.

These mares were readily snapped up by American buyers. Now there are not enough choice-bred top-quality colts coming into the sale ring to satisfy the demand.

And the fact that Sir Gordon Richards, for example, has been able to purchase only three colts during the whole season—although he has been persistently on the watch for the right article—gives some indication of the shortage.

HANG ON
The real trouble in the past 10 years has been that many breeders, especially the large owner-breeders, have not done enough culling of their inferior animals.

Far too many studs which will readily release a top-quality animal to the Americans will hang on desperately to their inferior animals.

It is the inferior stuff which should be weeded out at every available opportunity.

These breeders who have sold high-class mares recently would have stood to make almost as much from the sale of one yearling from these mares as they got for the mare itself.

While there are not enough top-quality colts and fillies appearing in the sale ring to satisfy the demand, there is far too much inferior stuff on offer.

If only breeders would keep their good mares and cull their bad ones, I am quite sure they would not only improve their studs, and make greater profits, but would help the British bloodstock industry in general.

A psychological point which many breeders appear to overlook is the question of reserves. **NOT SO KEEN?**
A buyer will step into an open market, willing to bid against valuations of other buyers.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Borotra, Perry, Budge, Kramer.
2. Denis Compton, Stanley Matthews, Archie Moore.
3. Ezzard Charles.
4. Hop, step and jump.
5. Speedway, athletics, cricket.
6. (a) yachting (b) rowing (c) fencing.
7. German, Norwegian, American, Danish.
8. The Princess of Monaco, formerly Grace Kelly, is the sister of sculling champion Jack Kelly.
9. Juan Fanguio.
10. Lancashire.

THE GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby



NAME SAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?

1 Such a worm
2 Tobacco ones?
3 Northern Kingdom
4 Not a heavy lamp
5 Create
6 Not air?
7 They give light
8 Oval one?
9 This and demand
10 Coal and coke
11 Follow
12 Hoarding
13 Burning
14 Short this and sides

Solution on back Page

A European Soccer League I Believe Would Bring Back The Missing Millions

Says DON REVIE

We are on the threshold of a glittering new era in Soccer. While the politicians debate about a Customs Union with Europe, it seems fairly certain that we shall soon be importing into this country the top European teams to compete with the best in Britain. In other words a Soccer Customs Union.

Soccer needs a shot in the arm to bring back the glitter and appeal it used to have for the masses. And it looks as though the rulers of the game are moving forward to the idea of a Super Soccer League.

For years we have been in splendid isolation on the sports front. But the public's appetite has been whetted by the occasional glimpses they have had of the crack Continental sides.

Last year the European Cup was launched. At first, in Britain—once Chelsea, the League champions withdrew—there was not a great deal of interest.

But when the Final in Paris was televised through the Eurovision network many Soccer fans were eager to know what it was all about.

Since then Manchester United's sensational start in this season's competition—remember they pushed out the Belgian champions Anderlecht by scoring 12 goals to nil in the two legs—has roused the whole body of Soccer fans in Britain.

The door is now swinging open for more and wider competition with European clubs instead of playing the closed season friendlies.

Why not a European Super Soccer League? Instead of this being open to the League champions of each country, it could be thrown open to the top four clubs in the English First Division and the FA Cup finalists. And we must include the Irish and Scots as well.

In this way we would be in close contact with the development of the game on the Continent. We have much to learn from them. They have much to learn from us.

CONTINENTAL COACHING
And it would be a fine idea if some of our brilliant young players could be sent over to the Continental sports centres for improvement courses.

Their eyes would be opened by the way the Continentals groom and coach their young players.

(1) It would widen the experience of our young footballers.

(2) It would show how the Continentals link physical training in track and field athletics to the arts of Soccer.

(3) It would give them a fresh slant on how the Continental game is played, with insistence on ball control and keeping possession of the ball.

(4) It would also give the youngsters first-hand evidence of how our football stadiums lag behind the streamlined sports arenas in the big Continental cities.

Above all it would be a big boost to the game in Britain if we had our best sides in direct competition with the European clubs.

Football fans would love it. After all, over 40,000 braved a wet night in Manchester to see Matt Busby's team crumble the Belgian champions to a 10-0 defeat.

I think if we opened the gates to the Continentals, it could give further impetus to the game. It would help them to appreciate our point of view; and we their ideas on the game. It would bring us closer together through sport—and it would, I feel sure, lead to a more uniform interpretation of the laws.

References from all countries could come together to attend periodic courses: to iron out differences of opinion on such things as (a) obstruction, which is so prevalent on the Continent; (b) our method of shoulder charging; and (c) that big cleavage of opinion as to whether goalkeepers should be charged or not.

NIGHT FOOTBALL
Already our Soccer administrators are discussing a floodlit competition; there is talk of Saturday night football—all signs of change in the game's set-up.

Very soon the Third Division clubs meet to talk over that thorny topic of revising the Football League so that there will be four Divisions.

There must be room in this country for Soccer's lower classes. Small towns are entitled to League football, pro-

viding they have the support, but we must also not lose sight of the bright hopes of the future, with the top Continentals coming to Britain in glamorous fixtures.

Make no mistake, we are living in a changing world of Soccer, and changes there must be if football is to compete with the many other entertainments.

I am sure that all Tom Finney's many friends and fans—if there is a more popular player I would like to meet him—were relieved to hear that Tom had not broken his leg as was at first feared when he was carried off on a stretcher during the Newcastle match.

For such a small chap, Tom is one of the most fearless men in the game. We all hope this injury is not going to keep him out of the game for any length of time.

Did you know that John Charles, the terror of First Division defenders, has a very quiet hobby? He likes carpentry and is at present attending a Leeds night school where he is making his wife a piano stool. Carpentry or carving defences wide open—it all comes just as easy to Big John!

(COPYRIGHT)

An advertisement in the CHINA MAIL

GOES TO CUSTOMERS

instead of waiting for them to come to you

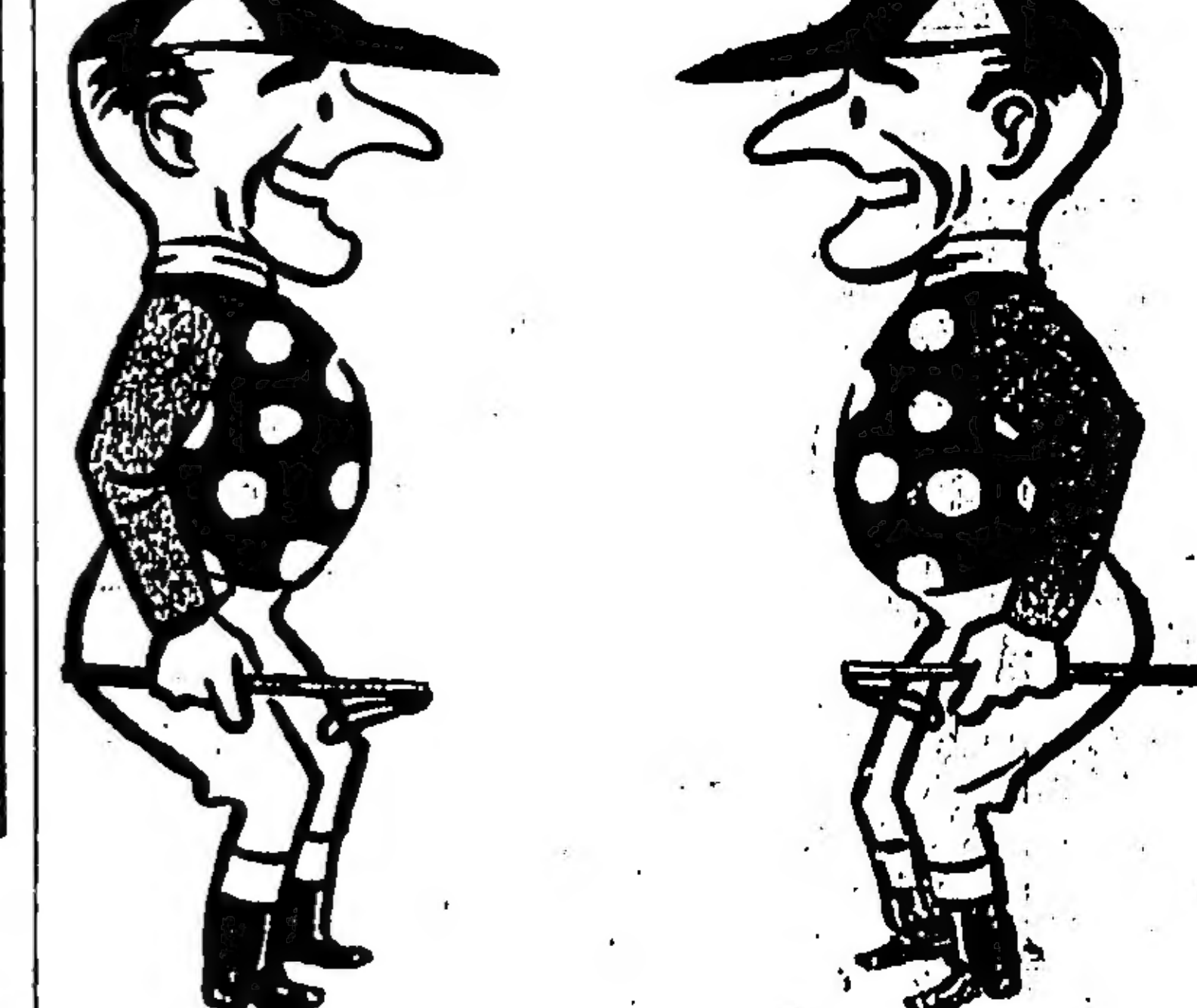
Use the CHINA MAIL regularly

Going by air?

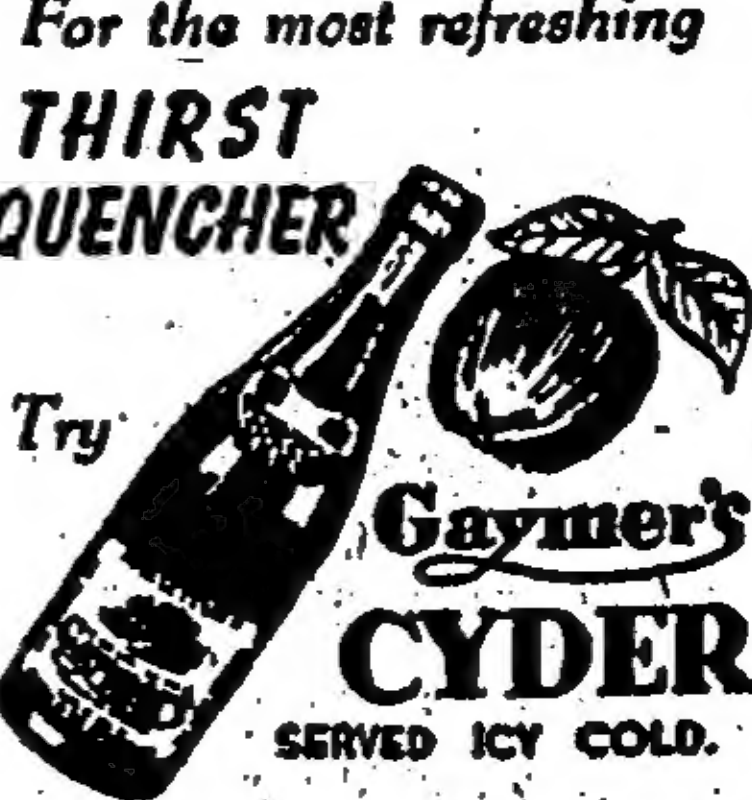
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FLY CATHAY PACIFIC



For the most refreshing THIRST QUENCHER



Sole Agents: Swiss & Macdonald Ltd.

GOLDEN CHURN



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EXCEPT OF COURSE...another Carlsberg

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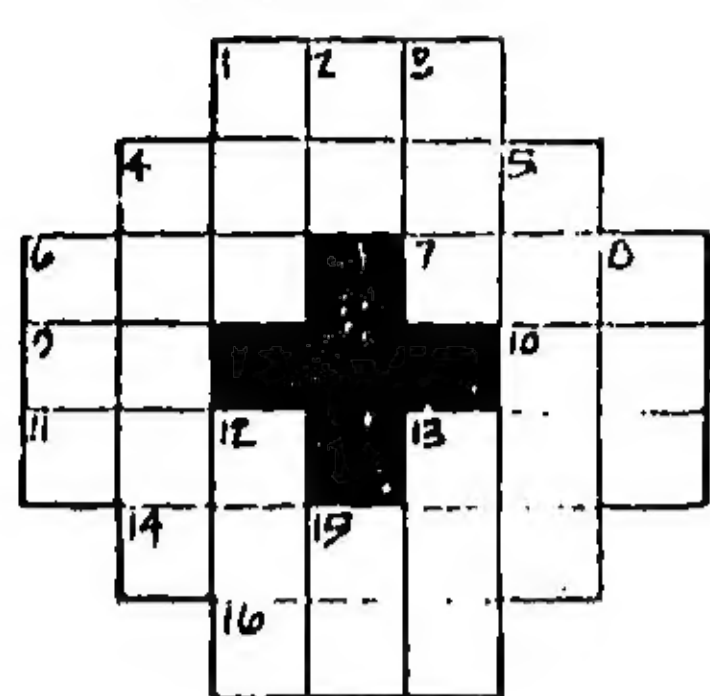
Sole Agents: THE EAST ASIATIC CO., LTD.

SWISS & MACDONALD LTD.

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Period
- 4 Locust
- 6 Exist
- 7 Snore
- 9 Father
- 10 Jumbled type
- 11 Editors (abbr.)
- 12 Seine
- 14 Dinner
- 16 Church seat

SCRAMBLED ADDITION

Add a letter to a two-letter word for "father" and scramble for "father".

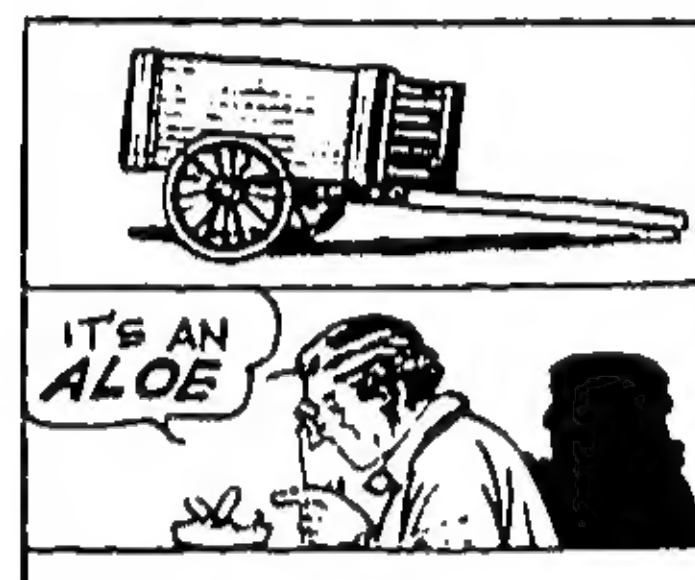
TRIANGLE

Here's a word triangle based on a horse's CANTER. The second word is "father", third "a male person", fourth "a market", and fifth to analyse a sentence. Finish the triangle from the clues:

C
A
N
T
E
R

PICTURE WORD SQUARE

Substitute a four-letter word for each picture and you'll find they read the same down as across when you list them in order.



MATCH 'EM

The Puzzleman has mixed up his pairs of words. Can you match them correctly?

- | | |
|-------|-------|
| CLOCK | CAR |
| CAP | PAW |
| WAGON | TALON |
| TAXI | ORGAN |
| FOOT | CAPE |
| CLAW | HAT |
| PIANO | DRAY |

(Solutions on Page 20)

Olympic Stamp From West Germany

THE Olympic Games are always a worthy occasion for something new in stamps. As the day draws near for the Games to open in Melbourne next month, various countries are rushing out novelties in commemorative stamp design.

I like particularly the stamp of West Germany, reproduced here. It is printed in dark green with the Olympic symbol—five rings representing the five continents—interwined in white.

The face value of the stamp is 10 pfennigs. The figure 1 is made up of what is sometimes called a Greek-key pattern. The figure 0 is made to represent the stadium, running track and the central arena.

The Greek-key symbols are interesting because they reflect the origin of the Games in ancient Greece. Legend says that a torch was lit from the rays of the sun and carried by relays of runners to the stadium, where it burned for the Games' duration.

The torch still plays its part today. Runners carry it from the lighting ceremony in Greece over the first stages of the journey to where the athletes meet.

How 'It Rained Cats And Dogs'

A SHORT STORY ABOUT

DID you ever hear someone say, "It rained cats and dogs?"

Once upon a time, up on one of those puffy white clouds, the Dog Maker had his workshop. (Cats were made on a different cloud.)

One afternoon he began work on a little brown dog. He reached into a drawer and brought out a cute little puppy head with eyes like sweet brown chocolates.

"Now a shiny black nose..." and he grinned as he opened another drawer. (Think how funny a drawer filled with noses would look.)

Next he fitted a little muffled body to the head, and then four sturdy legs and feet. "You are going to be a cute one," he said to the small dog fast taking shape in his quick fingers.

Then he yawned and the next thing you knew, he was dozing in his chair, leaving the little unfinished dog on the work table.

Little Dog wanted to try on lots of tails but they wouldn't hold still. He held several down with his paws but nothing would hold them down. Then he stuck a stick fast and pulled out a lot of good tail hair!

He should never have fooled around with the "Tail" drawer, for even the Dog Maker has trouble with it. The little short tails start quivering... but it's the big long tails that give the trouble.

The Dog Maker opens it just wide enough to reach in and come out fast, with the tail he needs. But if he forgets and gives the drawer a yank... y!... y!... y! The long plummy tails swish and swish like mud.



But when the stadium is in an overcast country as a thick layer of clouds hangs over Australia, plane and ship take the torch from the runners and speed it on the way.

This year's Games will bring together a galaxy of medium distance runners, with the most tremendous rivalry seething in the 1,500 metres. Hungary's Károlyi and John Landy of Australia are the men to watch.

The German Olympic stamp is perforated 13½, engraved and costs 66 in London.—J.A.A.

TRY IT YOURSELF

THE FIREFLY PRODUCES A LIGHT WITHOUT ANY HEAT OR LOSS OF ENERGY, AN ACCOMPLISHMENT THAT MAN HAS NOT BEEN ABLE TO ACHIEVE...

THE POPULAR NOTION THAT GILLES SUBMERGED BUT MUST BE MISLEADING, FOR CAREFUL OBSERVATION INDICATES THAT EVERY ONE TO TWO MOST SPECIES ARE, AS BIRDS GO, MINUTES TO PILL ITS ABOVE THE AVERAGE INTELLIGENCE, LUNGS WITH AIR...

AN HIPPOPOTAMUS CAN BE MISLEADING, FOR CAREFUL OBSERVATION INDICATES THAT EVERY ONE TO TWO MOST SPECIES ARE, AS BIRDS GO, MINUTES TO PILL ITS ABOVE THE AVERAGE INTELLIGENCE, LUNGS WITH AIR...

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and finally had them all back in the drawer.

All but one, which he fastened to the end of Little Dog. "There!" he said. "Now you really are a sassy little guy. Most of those tails would be too much for you. This one—this is just your kind. It will wag often, if you can call it a wag, and everyone will say, 'My, what a friendly little dog!'"

"Now for your bark..." for you, a little three hoer. One for the bark, one for the growl, and one for the woof. Draw in your breath and try them."

Little Dog tried each one three times until he had them perfect. Then he tried his woof and his tail wag together until he had that perfect also.

There came a day when it was just right for "raining cats and dogs." The Dog Maker started him off, along with some more he had made.

"Don't be scared if you jump into some cats," he told Little Dog. "For the Cat Maker will be starting them off too. Nothing will hurt you. Nothing. Well, here you go! So long!" The trip to earth didn't take very long for Little Dog was busy trying not to get homesick trying to be a good dog.

Next thing he knew someone was holding him against a striped cat and saying, "Oh, you cute pup! Look, Nancy, isn't he sharp?"

Then Nancy reached for him and hugged him close to her and Little Dog liked it.

"Let's take him into the house and show him to the family," she cried.

"Dad! Mother!" called David as the two headed for the house with Little Dog. And then as the door closed behind them, "Look what we have!"

—RUTH ECKMAN

The Adventure Of Fourteen-year-old Manjiro Nakahama

HOW would you like to be the first boy of your race to land in a foreign country?

That is what happened to Manjiro Nakahama, a 14-year-old Japanese boy, over one hundred years ago, when he landed in America.

Nakahama and two of his friends were deep sea fishing, out from their homeland in the northern Pacific.

A terrible storm came up. At last they were washed ashore on a distant island, their boat wrecked.

Here the three boys suffered many days, from the heat by day and the cold by night, and no food. From a piece of their sail, they raised a distress signal. Many days later a United States naval vessel saw their signal and rescued the trio.

This ship had to continue its course according to orders. It stopped at Hawaii, where two of the boys decided to stay until they could make their way back to their home land, Japan.

But not Nakahama, he was curious to see America. He begged the commander to take him there. He would work for his passage. The commander and the crew talked the matter over, and agreed to let this boy have his wish come true.

Because he was polite, intelligent and ambitious, these sailors of Uncle Sam's navy became very much attached to him. Among them, they raised a fund that made it possible for Nakahama to attend a school in New England, and receive a good education.

Of course the first thing he did was to write home to his anxious parents. His letters were glowing with accounts of his adventure and his new friends.

At that time America was not trading with Japan. Commodore Perry was chosen by the government to go to that country and negotiate for opening commercial trade.

Now Commodore Perry could not speak the Japanese language. He would need an interpreter to accompany him.

The commander of that naval vessel that rescued these Japanese boys spoke up. He recommended a smart young man, a native of Japan.

When Commodore Perry sailed across the Pacific in 1852 on that important business between the United States and Japan, his interpreter was Manjiro Nakahama, the first Japanese boy to land in America.



—GENEVIEVE BRUNSON

Sounds At Midnight

—Mrs. Cuckoo Told Everybody All About Them—

By MAX TRELL

AT twelve o'clock every night, when everyone else in the house was fast asleep, Mrs. Cuckoo, who lived in Cuckoo Cottage, in the cuckoo clock, opened her front door and called out the time.

But she always did more than that. She would step outside her door, spread her wings and come flying down to the floor.

Visiting Hour

It was her visiting hour. She would spend the rest of the night visiting with General Tin, the Tin Soldier, who never went to sleep, Mr. Punch and his wife, Judy, who hardly ever went to sleep, and Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, who seldom went to sleep, and Knarl and Hanid, the shadow children with the turned-about names, who often felt like going asleep but never did when Mrs. Cuckoo came calling.

"You have no idea," Mrs. Cuckoo said one evening after all her friends had sat themselves down in a circle around her, "how many things stay awake in a house after everyone is asleep. They talk and they sing, these things do, and sometimes they complain. And yet they never really disturb anyone."

Having heard this from Mrs. Cuckoo everyone now demanded to know what things she had in mind.

Under The Table

"Well," said Mrs. Cuckoo, making herself comfortable under the table, "I decided a night or two ago to take a little trip around the house. So at twelve o'clock I opened my door, stretched my wings and finally went flying off."

"I decided to fly up to the attic and take a look around, then fly down to the cellar and take another look around."

"It was really quite late. Through the window I could see the moon beginning to sink behind the hills. There weren't any sounds at all from outside except the whisper of the wind as it blew through the leaves in the garden. Then I started flying."

Thirty Hinges

"As I was passing the door that leads into the attic I heard the sound of squeaking. It was the hinges on the door. They were squeaking because they were thirsty."

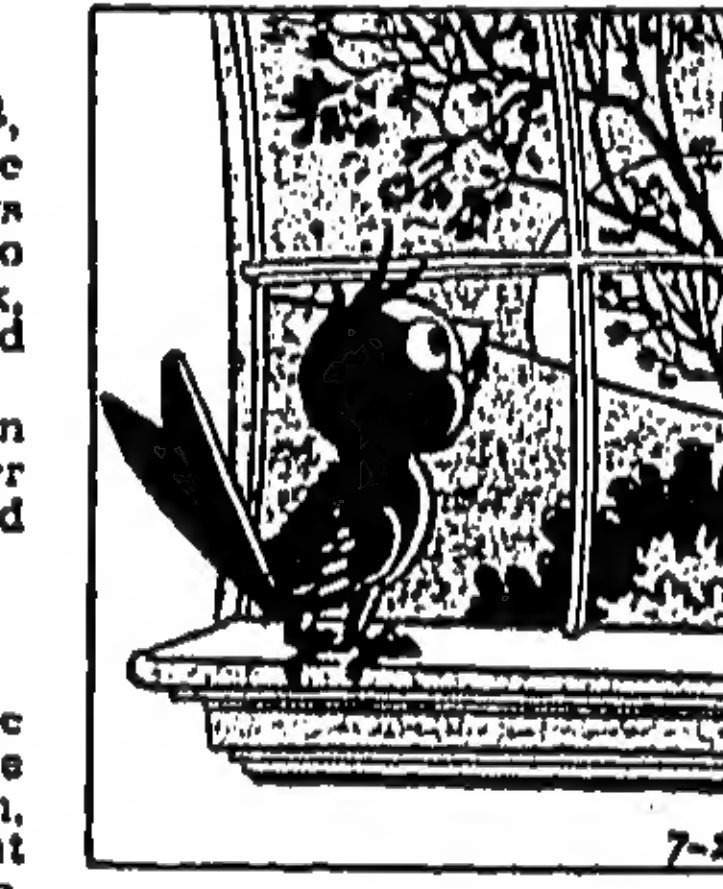
"Thirsty? For a drink, Mrs. Cuckoo? A drink of water?" asked Mr. Punch.

Mrs. Cuckoo shook her head. "Not of water, but of oil. They were thirsty for a drink of oil. And when I reached the attic I heard the shutters banging and the windows rattling. They were playing with the wind."

"And downstairs in the cellar," Mrs. Cuckoo went on, "I heard the mice scampering, the cat purring, and the spiders clicking their needles as they spun their webs. And when I got back to the playground again, what did I hear, but the pleasant sound of all—"

"What sound was that?" everyone in the room wanted to know.

"It was the sound of the moon," said Mrs. Cuckoo, "saying goodnight to the stars and good-morning to the sun."



—and hopping, too, if you please—up the stairs.

Sound Of Creaking

"Hardly had I hopped halfway up when I heard the sound of creaking. First there was one creak, then another, then a third. Suddenly I realised that it was the steps that were creaking."

"Look here, Mrs. Cuckoo," cried one of the steps in the middle, "this is no time for you to be hopping up and down on us. Isn't it enough that we are stepped on and jumped on all day long?"

"First I didn't know what to answer. But suddenly all the steps started chuckling in a creaky-crunchy way. So I knew that they really weren't angry at all."

Here Hanid interrupted to say, "Those steps were only stretching themselves, Mrs. Cuckoo. That's why they creaked."

"Perfectly correct, my dear," said Mrs. Cuckoo. "The boards in the floor stretch themselves, too. If you listen very carefully at night you often hear them."

Mrs. Cuckoo went on.

Thirty Hinges

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YOU CAN MAKE THESE HANDY BOOKENDS

IF you'd like to hand yourself a pair of the neatest looking bookends that could possibly adorn anybody's desk, make them for yourself, using your own hands as models.

The materials you'll need cost practically nothing: 1—A cake tin; 2—A jar of petroleum jelly; 3—Plaster of paris; 4—A tube of wood putty.

Mix a portion of your plaster until it's about as thick as rich cream. Pour it into your cake tin, to a depth of three inches.

Next, grease your left hand with petroleum jelly. Set it half way in the plaster, with all your fingers pressed together. Rest a bit of your wrist in the plaster as well.

Sit down comfortably while you do this, because your mould is not to be used unless your hand remains motionless until the plaster sets. This should take approximately 10 minutes.



Now lift your hand away, and once you're sure the mould is firm, grease its entire surface, from one edge of the cake pan to the other, with additional jelly. Make sure that you get

into all the small grooves of the hand impression also.

Mix another batch of plaster. Grease the other side of your hand, then place it right back into the mould it just made. Pour the plaster over it, covering your hand completely. Allow this to harden.

Then separate the two moulds at the seams. (The jelly will make this easy to accomplish, although if help is needed, you can pry very gently with a dull knife, and release your hand.)

To create hand-replicas from your moulds, place them both upon a table, impression side up.

Grease with vasoline. Fill completely with wood putty. Scrape the tops as smooth as the surrounding side areas. Allow to harden.

Then turn your moulds out and join them together with ordinary glue. Sandpaper the wrist portion flat, so that the finished hand can stand upright on it.

Any block of wood will make a base for your hand. Simply stand it upright, glue firmly, and make sure that the palm is flush with one side of the wood. Place this against your books, and it will look exactly as though your own hand were holding them.

Finish each hand by sanding it, after filling in all rough nicks, seams and such with additional wood putty. Shellac, or paint in any colour you desire.

A paper weight can be made to match, of course, from the same mould. Omit the base. You can also make bookends for your friends from their hand impressions. These will be attractive gifts. And once you're adept at this simple hobby, it can even help you earn some easy spare-time cash.

ECLIPSE

He asked the natives of Jamaica to give him and his men food but they refused. Not only that, but they said they would kill all of them if they stayed on the island.

It was then that Columbus remembered his study of stars, which had taught him that there would be an eclipse of the moon the next night.

He told the natives that if they did not provide for him the moon would be blocked out the following night.

The natives did not believe, of course, that such a thing could happen.

But when the moon did begin to darken they were terrified, and brought food and other supplies as fast as they could. They thought that Columbus was a god if he could darken the moon.

—EVELYN WITTE

Some False "Facts" About Columbus' Voyage

SOME stories you have heard about Columbus are not true. Historians have proved that.

For example, there's the story that Queen Isabella of Spain pawned her fantastically beautiful and rare jewels to get money for Columbus' voyage.

This story is most certainly false. The Queen did not pawn her jewels.

She simply said that if the money were not given to Columbus, she would be willing to pawn her jewels to get it. The money was taken from the treasury, and the Queen's jewels did not become involved in financing Columbus at all.

MUTINY

Another false story is the one about the sailors being so afraid because they thought the earth was flat and they would fall off—that they mutinied and tried to force Columbus to return home.

Well, the part about the sailors being afraid was true. They WERE ready to mutiny. But the reasons for their fear have been presented falsely in many books.

Historians say the chief cause of their fear was that they thought they would be so far from home that they would not



have enough food to last until they got back.

They believed that the earth was round, but they did not think there was any land on the other side and so they feared they would all die.

And it is false to say that Columbus was the first man to reach the new world by sailing west. The Vikings reached the shores of America hundreds of years before Columbus was born.

Some people say that of course Columbus knew he had

Rupert and the Dog-roses—37



My dear Rupert, I have a very special message for you. I have a very special message for you. I have a very special message for you.

My dear Rupert, I have a very special message for you. I have a very special message for you. I have a very special message for you.

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13

BORN today, you have patience, endurance and a straight-forward, clear-thinking mind. You are able to correlate facts, dull and dry as they may be, and present them in a highly entertaining and instructive manner. Since you are also fond of children, you would make a fine teacher or leader in educational ideas. You enjoy harmony and peace above everything else and will go the long way around to avoid getting into needless argument. Yet, if it becomes necessary to defend your ideals against criticism, you will be the first one to put up a fight!

Your memory is exceptional and you are always interested in progressive and novel ideas. Since you have a backlog of solid information upon which you may always call, you are able to judge whether a new idea is practical or merely a day-dream which cannot possibly be implemented. You have learned through experience what is good and what is false.

Since you are highly adaptable, you can fit into almost any type of environment with ease. Just make sure that, because of this, you don't endure situations which should be changed! In other words, don't let yourself get stuck on a routine job just because you are conscientious and accurate in detail. You are, by nature, a leader and should utilize this talent in your work. Your affections are strong and deep and your marriage should be an exceptionally happy one if you wed someone with similar cultural and intellectual background.

Among those born on this date were: Ferdinand VII of Spain, Walter Gullman Page, artist; John Wesley Hyatt, educator; Molly Pitcher, patriot; Charles H. Stockton, naval hero; John Davies, noted engineer; and Irene Rich, actress.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—You can probably realize some long-hoped-for dream today. The stars are propitious for anything you wish to do.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Join friends and neighbours in some co-operative sports or recreational event. Keep an eye out, too, for romance.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—This is one of those forwarding-looking days and your future plans may come up for serious discussion—even decision.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Your major interest should be well-satisfied at this time. Make important decisions after full consultations.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—This can be an exciting and stimulating day for all your interests. Join forces with someone who can help your cause.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—There should be clear sailing for any of your efforts, so take advantage of all opportunities that come your way.

ARIES (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—Spiritual affairs can have a real meaning this day. Perhaps a sermon has given you a fresh inspiration.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—This could be a good day for you to practice the gentle art of relaxation. You may need a change of scene to let down tensions.

GEMINI (May 22-June 22)—Make this an important Sunday in your life. You may find that a special affair brings new friendships and perhaps romance.

CANCER (June 23-July 23)—Group activities are highly favoured. Perhaps it is your turn to invite the relatives to a Sunday dinner.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—If you have been working too hard lately, check up on yourself. Get some rest and see that your diet is all right.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Morning services at your church may bring you real joy and inspiration. Also enjoy the company of close friends and relatives.

BORN today, you must learn to control your emotions and impulses. Let the practical and common-sense side of your nature exert itself and you will find that you will advance further in life. You have a fine mind; learn to use it. You have spirit and high temper. Learn to control both, for he who becomes master of himself can easily direct others. Interested in the exact sciences, you might seek a career in one of these fields. But you are not one-sided in your interests and have a variety of hobbies and occupational potentials which should bring you to a fairly early success.

You must have a good head for business and probably will accumulate something of a fortune during your lifetime. You have a fine memory and are able to recall facts, figures, names and faces with the greatest of ease. You are able to adjust yourself to routine but are, by nature, a leader and will be happiest when you are initiating the ideas rather than working out the details yourself. You can, however, when called upon, do both.

There is a strong spiritual side to your nature and this will be evident in all that you undertake. You have a fine sense of justice, a deep feeling of loyalty and can be trusted to carry out your word. If you ever make a direct promise.

Fond of having your own home and family, you are not one to seek social pleasures outside of the home circle. Your emotions are deep and your marriage should be an exceptionally happy and contented one.

Among those born on this date were: Eamon de Valera, President of Ireland; William Penn, colonial governor; Lillian Gish, actress; Katherine Mansfield, author; Paul Muni and James O'Neill, actors; Daniel Huntington, artist; Francis Lee, Virginia statesman; and Dwight D. Eisenhower, U.S. President.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 15

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Follow your intuitions today. When it comes to making an important decision, they can be trusted implicitly.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—A new, creative idea may set you on the road to an exciting, new success. Make the most of today's good aspects.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—A fine day for your business affairs, so advance successfully in accordance with previously-made plans.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—The work-week begins with tendency toward high-pressure activity. If you have rested over the week-end, you are equal to it.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Business matters are of urgent importance. You may be guided by your intuitive decisions on the matter.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—You must take an affirmative, positive attitude toward things if you are to reap the rewards which should be yours.

ARIES (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—Be sure that you know what you want and how to go about it. Then go ahead and make progress toward your goal.

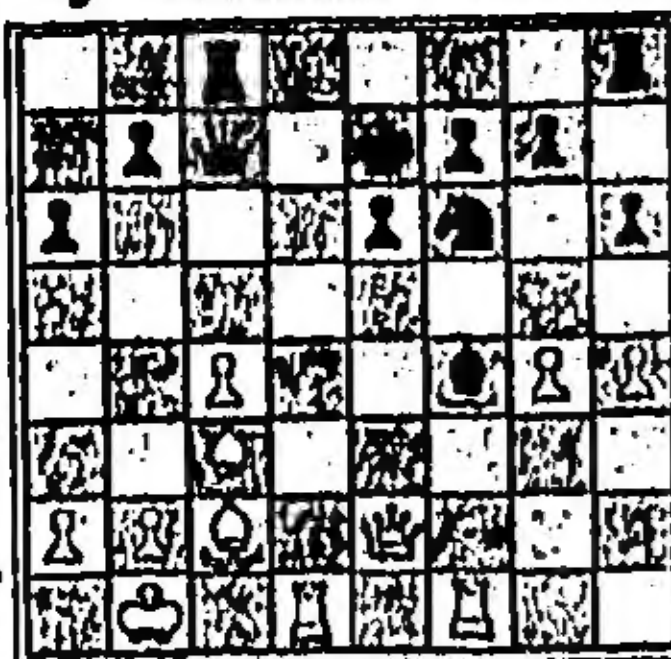
TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—If you ask for an increase in salary on the job today, chances of getting it are better than usual.

GEMINI (May 22-June 22)—There are prospects for advancement to progress, so grasp opportunity by the forelock and act.

CANCER (June 23-July 23)—This can be a busy day. There should be good bargains in the shops and those in merchandising will really make profits.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Check your daily habits and see that you are not being careless about your health. Get plenty of rest and don't overwork.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Morning hours are the best for making new contacts, for when afternoon comes you may have obstacles to overcome.

CHESS
by LEONARD BARDEN

From actual play; White to move and win.
Solution to yesterday's problem:
1. Kt-K4—surprising!

Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN... by Walter



PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

TO HUFF OR NOT?

The English Association is still unable to make up its mind about the "huff." Don't laugh. The matter is a daily topic. Two days' debate over spirit on it, and now a postal ballot is to be taken of all the Association's members.

The predominant view seems to be that "to huff" is unsportsmanlike. For "to huff," it seems to exercise your legal opinion at thoughts to take your opponent, prove if he fails to even when he has the opportunity.

Many eminent players testified that, in fact, they had never "huffed" in all their lives.

Though it was huffed darkly that some American players did "huff."

The tendency, then, is to favour the abolition of the rule regarding "huffing."

But here is where the issue becomes complicated.

For the rules also state that anyone who "makes a false or improper move" shall immediately forfeit the game, to his opponent. Now, a doubtful point is an improper move?

Does not involve forfeiting the game only because the "huffing" rule gives the opponent a mild form of redress.

If the "huffing" rule were withdrawn, however, it would follow in the view of some members, that the man who moved an opportunity to take his opponent's piece must forfeit the whole game.

And really that could be too severe a penalty for being "huffed."

There the matter rests until the members decide by post.

It will be a year before the result is known. Draughts' players are deep thinkers and this is a deep matter.

NEW NAME WANTED

A London store director believes it is becoming harder to get girls because they do not like the designation "shopgirl."

He feels that "saleswoman" would be more appropriate and dignified, and points out that the idea proved of value in a well-known store where general cleaners are now known as "house service staff."

It has been suggested to the Drapers' Chamber of Trade that a competition should be run to find a better description than "shopgirl."

The crowd gathered around the headquarters of the Seventh Day Adventists—an old cinema in London's Regent

Street—did not entirely reflect a sudden interest in sect's plan for salvation.

The big, bold sign outside read "LOCATION OF HEIL DISCOVERED, WELCOME."

It was advertising one of the sect's movies.

In Maldenhead, the local council this week was considering removing the litter bins from some of its public places.

Reason. People were putting litter in them.

Locals explained that, before the bins were put up, there had been a little or no litter about. The bins made people "litter-conscious" and they immediately produced litter to put in them.

THE Post Office should advertise itself in the same way as the banks. I would like to see a picture of a timid man who has a personal problem.

He wishes to post a letter, but has no stamp. Entering the post office, he is welcomed by the smiling postmaster who offers him a chair in his private office, and encourages him to pour out his troubles.

He is then told that the post office exists to solve such personal problems. The postmaster takes him into the main office, and begs him to choose a stamp. It is affixed to the letter by a courteous assistant, and the postmaster accompanies the client to the letter-box and puts the letter in for him.

Nothing to do with me

AN analysis of the new being followed by a tiny Patagonian milkman on a green bicycle went to see a psychiatrist about it. As they talked the milkman rode round the room. The two men went to a third psychiatrist. The same thing happened. And so on. Finally nine psychiatrists went to see a tenth, who was a quack. While they put the case to him, the nine psychiatrists watched anxiously for the coming of their tormentor. The milkman arrived, and rode straight up to the tenth psychiatrist, who said, "You see it's not a green tricycle, it's a red bicycle."

"Hurray!" cried the nine. "We are cured!" But only partly, said one of them later, as the tiny milkman followed them down the street on a yellow scooter.

Bread

AN analysis of the new nomenclature has shown that it contains pyrophosphate, emulsifier, stearic acid, nargothin, bisulphite, morax, diethylamine, wood shavings, tung oil, zirconium, sphagnum, oxidized Tetraethylene, silicate of thymochloride, ferromanganese, hydronitrogenous hypophosphoric carbonate of metatelluride, and soluble iodine smog. If that is not enough to go on with, don't go on with it.

Target

HU many words of four letters or more can you make with the letters in the square on the right? No proper nouns or words of less than four letters in such of the words used once.

small squares may only each word must contain the large letter in the centre and one letter in the square on the right. No proper nouns or words of less than four letters in such of the words used once.

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JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Two Swindles Save Declarer

By OSWALD JACOBY

SOUTH executed two swindles in the play of today's hand. The first should have worked, but failed; and the opposite was true of his second swindle. Justice sometimes works in mysterious ways.

West opened the king of diamonds and South dropped the nine of diamonds in the attempt to persuade West to continue the suit. West saw that the three and deuce of diamonds were missing, and that his partner might well be agitating with the six of diamonds for a continuation of the suit. After some thought, however, West decided that the diamonds could wait, and he therefore shifted to the queen of clubs.

South executed his second swindle by playing low clubs from both hands on this trick! Since East followed suit with the

lowest possible club, West should have seen that something was amiss. West continued, however, with the jack of clubs, and South breathed freely again.

Declarer won the second club with the ace, drew trumps with the ace and dummy's nine, and cashed the king of clubs in order to discard the king of hearts. Declarer then led the queen of hearts to ruff out East's ace.

After this series of plays, it was easy to get to dummy with the queen of spades in order to discard two diamonds on the jack and ten of hearts. South thus managed to hold the loss down to one club and two diamonds.

If South had played the hand normally, East would have won a heart trick, and would have returned a diamond. The declarer would have defeated the contract by taking a heart and three diamonds.

Q—The bidding has been:

North East South West
1 Club Pass 1 Heart Pass
1 Spade Pass

You, South, hold:
AKJ43 VKJ632 AK5 A62

What do you do?
A—Bid three spades. You have 11 points in high cards, two distributions, and fine trump support opposite an opening bid. This should be enough for game.

TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold:
AKJ43 VKJ632 AK5 A62

What do you do?
Answer on Monday

CROSSWORD

Across

1. They often win on a long shot. (9)
2. Burn the saint. (5)
3. Add to the country fair with this? (3)
4. Milder name. (5, 9)
5. Though one is sometimes all you are given. (4)
6. Tourist companies carry this a stage further each week. (5)
7. Is this part of a chain of 20. Prince Khan. (8)
8. Get your shoes on here. (5)
9. Stage without the street. (3)
10. The cows of the Bible. (4)
11. Inclusions. (8)
12. Hunt direction to a dog. (4)
13. Hanging matters in the street. (5)

Down

1. Bolt gate (anagram). (9)
2. Protection (for a hat). (4)
3. This may be a big build-up. (9)
4. Disrupt in an act. (8)
5. Better than the kind of glass. (3)
6. Take tanks from accident. (8)
7. Drury of Nal. (3)
8. Compute, almost like donkeys. (5)
9. It may be. (5)
10. In the middle of the road. (5)
11. Sacrifice. (5)
12. The end of the world. (5)
13. The end of the world. (5)
14. The end of the world. (5)
15. The end of the world. (5)
16. The end of the world. (5)
17. The end of the world. (5)
18. The end of the world. (5)
19. The end of the world. (5)
20. The end of the world. (5)

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